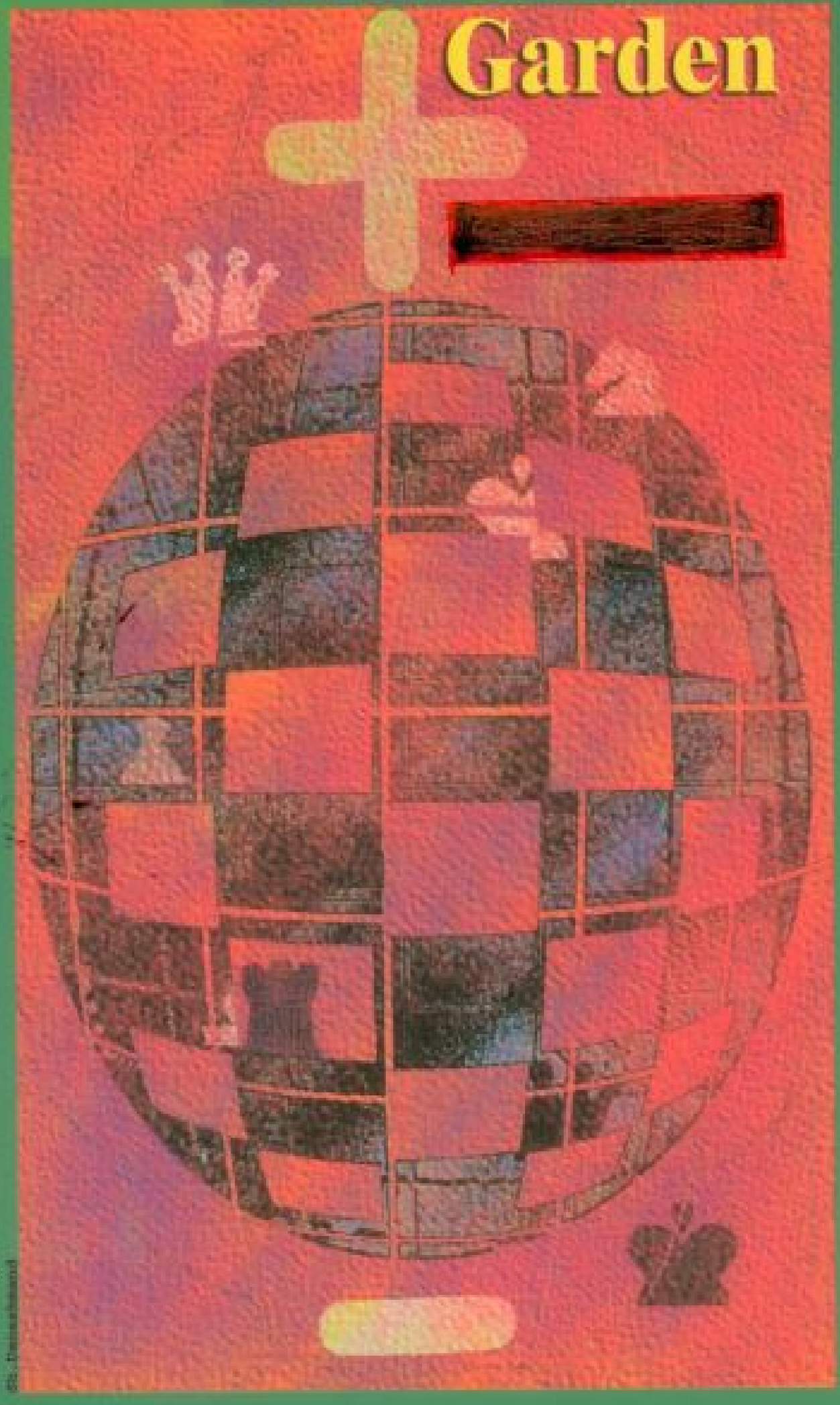
Universal Garden



Universal Garden

Masud KHAYYAM

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Born in 1947, Masud KHAYYAM is an Iranian avant-garde novel writer, and his reflective "just after Islamic revolution" novel, challenges the reader.

World Literary Review

All the chessmen are black, unless otherwise stated.

To The White Queen With Love

Preface

The intelligent, sophisticated reader will compress this volume to a sentence or perhaps a word. Or even less?

White King

Inmates

Somewhere within the cage, beneath the hallucinogenic semi-moonlight, two inmates, two humans, sit. Heads held close, they whisper. The two remain cautiously alert, knowing that the sentence for not obeying the suffocating rule of curfew is severe, and the punishment will swiftly follow the breaking of the fragile silence.

– : (whispered shout) No, I don't buy that. It's not possible.
+ : (controlled whisper) Easy, warlord! Can't you smell? Can't you tell that they're still awake?
– : (whisper) Fine. Now tell me, why on earth did he do what he did?
+ : Historical reasons.
– : Excuse me? Does one not lose everything one once had the instant one forgets that one once had it? What history? We don't have any! If you would have said Geography, or at least if you had said momentary circumstance, it would have made sense because that is all we do have.
+ : Try to focus a bit beyond your nose. The historical

reason is a series of events of which one is, at best, almost totally ignorant. It is like a chain comprised of an infinite number of links. However small the links may be, one is still unable to see beyond a finite number, for our chain has a tendency to be linear, stretching towards infinity.

– : Are you trying to imply that I, of all people, need a pair of glasses?

+ : This chain is magnetic, and it has a strong attraction to some people. These individuals are rare indeed, for they themselves seem to be polarized. Once the twain do meet, man faces the history and the chain ceases to remain linear and coils. Due to the mutual magnetic force between the history and the historian, the coils continue to spiral around the attracted person until restricted by the weight of ages. Movement becomes thwarted, but the chain goes on. This magnetic force is generally referred to as determinism.

– : Here we go again!

+ : What?

– : You're trying to drag me into areas you know I can not tolerate.

+ : What do you want then? If it's just the news, you already know, and I know that you do know and have always known the simple news.

– : I want the story.

+ : OK! someone hit his head to the bars of the cage and blow his brain out. But the smashed brain flourished and nurtured a flower, to blossom perhaps in the future.

– : That doesn't explain anything.

+ : What do you mean?

– : Look, we are trapped in this place, and all we do is either think of escape or stagnate until we stink. In fact, we are not allowed to do anything useful here, and yet are unable to do otherwise. Of course we must pretend to comply with the rules, which we do, but that is irrelevant.

+ : What is relevant then?

– : What drives one to do anything at all in the first place.

+ : The question is how can one achieve anything once the drive is there?

– : To what end? The whole universal question suddenly faces you when someone is able to out-smart your determinism. This is what matters.

+ : Oh, negative one! Are you trying to be not negative?

– : (with a sarcastic smile) How dare you insult me like that!

+ : Negative is just your name, is it not?

– : Forget it. What is your suggestion then?

+ : The fact that we constantly contemplate escape, added

to the fact that every now and then one of us succeeds in doing so, has in itself, ultimate beauty.

– : Escape? What escape? Pray do tell! Which escapee has ever come back to enlighten us by speaking of the darkness?

+ : Darkness?

– : That is to us, darker than even the darkest grave. Who? Tell me who had ever came back from the grave?

+ : Have patience.

– : Oh, positive one!

+ : How could I possibly take that as an insult?

– : Tell me!

+ : Have patience and hope!

– : All right, even if we accept your escape theory, why should they return? Just to tell us about the unworthiness of the other cages?

+ : How arrogant!

– : Why?

+ : What gives you the right to be so confident about the existance of other cages?

– : There is nothing else for them to do!

+ : Why should they not speak of Heaven?

– : Nonsense! How do we know if everything is not the same everywhere?

+ : We could go to this in detail.

– : I'm sick and tired of these useless conversations. Just get on with the story, why don't you. Don't tell me that you don't know it yourself!

+ : No. I mean yes, I do. Get thee behind me, negative, for you are confusing me. As a matter of fact, I do know the story. It's just that it breaks my heart and touches me to the bone every time I remember the whole disaster.

– : Well, now that you've started, you'd better begin before the watch commences. Tell me now. Do not delay, or I fear it will be too late.

+ : All right. Are the kids watching over our secret Mother? Look and see if their eyes are open. Have they not given up to the dark of night and fall asleep?

– : Don't worry, and never forget that we are the results of darker nights than this!

1st Desire Rank

+ : Each one of them had their own power. **Rook**, with his masculine conduct, was full of words whereas **Pawn**, with her tender gestures, was full of images.

The girl loved for knowing and touched for expressing. She had an artistic imagination and was good at watching while standing still. The man had a scientific logic. He could philosophize every problem but was hardly able to solve any of them completely. He was the master of what he himself called the visual logic. He could move around easily.

His well-substantiated remarks produced remote images in her mind. When he talked about Socrates, **Pawn** visualized philosopher's large head in her arms, covering it with tears and kisses. When she described the image, he shook with laughter.

Her sweet speech was enhanced by her smile. The normal misunderstandings began to fall away. They realized that they had to learn each other's internal language if their relationship was to have a future. They seriously committed to learning from and with each other.

They had separate ways of reasoning and were obliged to communicate by means of two different languages. They

realized that in the past they had a common language, which was lost. And also they had known each other for centuries, having a common language long forgotten. They gradually began to recollect each other's language, like a long forgotten memory. They helped each other with great enjoyment.

Pawn hardly spoke her mind, and **Rook** barely showed his heart, but they soon got to know each other. Although **Rook** did not expect this acquaintance, he was not surprised at all. In fact, he was never caught surprised.

Rook was dominant because of his rank, but he would not take advantage of his superiority. He was against any kind of dictatorship.

The beginning of their relationship occurred in the Laboratory. How they met each other still subsists within the labyrinth of cage historical memory. Removing his white laboratory gown, **Rook** gazed wishfully into her eyes.

Pawn : Good Morning, sir. **Rook** (face to **Knight** who was watching and monitoring **Pawn**) : Don't you want to introduce me to this beautiful young lady?
Knight : She is an artist.
Rook : May I have the pleasure of her ID?

Knight : She has pressured me to meet you. **Pawn** (interrupts **Knight** coyly) : For you, the pawn.

Rook (fastens his tie) : It is good to see you.

Pawn : I know you very well. Everyone talks about you. I have heard and read a lot about you. You can't imagine how delighted I am to see you.

Rook : How very interesting! (he said smilingly, pointing to the path) I personally do not know myself, let us go.

Pawn : I was burning with desire to see you.

Rook : A volcanic desire's flame soon calms down and then dies out.

Pawn : I don't suppose so. I don't mean you are not right. I just don't feel so. That will not happen to me, I am sure. I entreat you allow me try. Please?!

+ : After getting to the proper square, it was not difficult for **Rook** to procure supper and drink. Smilingly, he began telling a tale, but was promptly interrupted by the impatiently curious **Pawn**.

Pawn : What are you doing?

Knight : The general rule of our game is that we don't ask questions. You too should not ask if you don't wish to hear unusual answers.

+ : Then **Knight** assumed an innocent face, fixed her glance on higher rank player, and shrugged her shoulders.

Rook (benign and smiling to **Knight**) : That does not matter. Let her ask to find out what is wrong with questioning; (turning to **Pawn**) : Ask your question.
Pawn : I did not have the least intention of interfering, nor did I want to ask forbidden must-nots.
Rook : Nothing is a must-not.
Knight : This remark is misleading, dangerous and without dignity.
Rook : Dignity has its limitations.
Pawn : What? Why?
Rook : Never mind that. **Knight** is playing the lawyer of the deceived and is writing a petition against seducer. Anyone with a brain should not have been mislead, let alone betrayed. I do not intend to condemn the oppressed instead of the oppressor, but let us not forget that there is a limit to everything.

Knight : The world is full of deception.

Rook : Let the world drift to dust if it is to be exterminated by blow of a whistle!

Pawn : Would it not be possible to talk within my comprehension?

Knight : Never mind.

Rook : Don't upset yourself my dear. Violence is not strictly a characteristic of the inferiors. It prevails everywhere, say in different forms. Ask your question.

Pawn (agitated) : What are you doing?

Rook : I am not certain. Perhaps the most accurate and sincere answer would be that I am talking to you. And if you want more details, I was recounting a small event from my memory.

Pawn : What good is all this unnecessary precision which impedes any kind of comprehension and communication?

Knight : Impeding communication? It might very well do so; but preventing comprehension? You would have to prove it.

Pawn : By that question I did not mean just the present time.

Rook : You see, my dear, every question causes a series of questions, and in each new question's womb there lies the seeds of further new questions. Now you let me tackle your

first question.

Pawn : OK.

Rook : Had you not meant the present by asking what are you doing you should have attached your meaning to that question, otherwise, I would have not been able to know the hidden meanings; therefore, I would not have any way to answer it. As a result, you would have had to answer it yourself, thus all the answers would have had relatively equal credits.

Pawn : OK. I'll take that back. Let me rephrase it this way: What do you usually do?

Rook : I don't know exactly. The most sincere and precise answer would be to say that I breathe, see, eat, and . . .

Pawn (interrupting **Rook** shyly) : I don't know how to play this game.

Rook (promptly) : Oh yes. Precisely. It is very good that you don't know this game.

Pawn : Why?

Rook : This game is rotten to the core. You should not play it at all.

Pawn : All I wanted to do was trying to get some idea, using your words.

Rook : If you would like to forcibly draft a word that never

signed any commitment to get anywhere, the word could become mulishly vicious.

Pawn : What do you really mean?

Rook : Words can be dangerous when you wish to force meanings into them.

Pawn : But words can be tamed.

Rook : Don't ever determine meanings for words in advance, or else you have blown a raspberry at all veracities.

Pawn : How am I supposed to get to know then?

Rook : Don't worry; I will tell you whatever I think is necessary for you to know, and you can take it for granted that you will receive a prodigious amount of truth.

Pawn : I first thought you are, if not pedantic, at least a citizen of the word country. If you don't believe in words, what do you believe in then?

Rook : I am not here for belief.

Pawn : What are you here for then?

Rook : I don't exactly know. For survival perhaps.

Pawn : Belief is in the service of survival.

Rook : On the contrary, it is in the exact opposite direction.

Pawn : What should the instrument of communication be, if not words?

Rook : Silence.

Pawn : Remaining silent for communication?

Rook : It is almost certain that we are incapable of true communication, so we should not waste excess energy to achieve this goal. In fact, all we ever fought about is to achieve the ability to make communication possible.

Pawn : We want to communicate, we want to relate.

Rook : But this is not allowed in the chess cage.

Pawn (with a mixture of coquetry and shame) : You areextremely harsh. That is hurting me.

+ : **Knight** cast an inquiring gaze at her, recoiled a step anomalously. The path opened.

Rook : To drag you out of misery, I should tell you that I don't know where I come from or where I am going to. All I can tell you now is that I lead a heavy life, and what you have heard about me, is life itself. May the curse of wise Satan fall upon me, the loquacious.

+ : **Rook** said this and took his big glass and drank, ignoring **Pawn**'s beseeching glances. **Pawn** was left alone. She had set

foot in a strange world and had become acquainted with surprising creatures. Slightly perplexed, she was watching this archaeological myth with her kind, worried eyes, contemplating the enigmatic humanity with an air of affability.

Pawn : Don't forget that you have not yet answered my question.

Rook : Remember that you have not yet touched your food. I shall not say another word until you have finished it all.

+ : He rose up and left **Pawn** with her food. **Knight** was awaiting him in the adjacent room.

Knight : It is a waste of time.

Rook : Don't say that until you are quite sure.

Knight : We have already tried several times.

Rook : Experience is not a total criterion. Why is not **Bishop** back? He is late.

Knight : He is probably embroiled in a war at the right wing. He usually gets involved.

Rook : Send him a message; then join us so that we may

avail ourselves of this brief chance to revel.

+ : **Rook** said this and returned to **Pawn**.

+ : **Pawn** finished her supper and started to look around the room. She sent yearning glances in the direction of the book shelf, the computer, the drawing tools, the paintings, and the musical instrument, until she saw the small chest. She gazed at the famous nestled chest. An overwhelming enthusiastic curiosity possessed her.

Pawn (to herself) : Is it possible? Is it really possible?

+ : Her face twitched. Her lips quivered. Her heart began to throb at the thought of opening the chest. Her pulse was high and she held her breath. She feared someone might come in and see her. At this very moment, the two high ranking riders entered the door-less room. At the sight of **Pawn** sitting beside the chest, **Rook** smiled gently. The chest had no lid, thus **Pawn** had no access to the inside. No one could open a door when there was none. Having realized

they had read her mind, she smiled to reflect her perplexity. And the moment she beheld **Knight**'s calm jovial countenance, she laughed which made her face even prettier.

Pawn : How good of you to come. I was pondering your remarks. The intellectuals' Lack of decorum is not new to me, but I would have never imagined it to this extent.

Rook : Who said I am an intellectual? I move!

Pawn : What are you then?

Rook : A sherpa of the impossible mountain.

Pawn : Why curse and insulting everything then?

Rook : There are numerous kinds of limits ending in death, and I, with all those limitations, have been brought to a world of contradictions which at the end, I am doomed to die in, as an individual and as a race. Would it be too much to expect, if I wish, to have the licence to curse?

Pawn : Curse is the word of the fiend.

Rook : I thought you were an artist.

Pawn : Suppose I am. What of that? I don't see any relevance.

Rook : You, the artists, want to confer prosperity and happiness upon us after your own fashion, but you are

always unsuccessful.

Pawn : Why?

Rook : Because you are not the so called God, and the price of the outside prosperity is the misery inside. Your misery can not cause the beatitude and comfort.

Pawn : But in any case, salvation or happiness as you said, does really exist.

Rook : Which is always absent or beyond an unattainable horizon. Or it is attained so late that you can not call it felicity. Nothing is more useless than a luck which is delivered late.

Pawn : Why?

Rook : Because it loses its quality. On the other hand, it will deprive the dissident chessmen race from its most natural right, the right to object, the right to curse.

Pawn : There must be a solution.

Rook : There is something in this cage which is worthy of attainment at any time, and no time is too late for it. There exists something else that can replace your happiness. Never too late, never too soon

Pawn : You could have never exhausted my patience like this with anything else.

+ : After a short silence, **Pawn** opening her arms and body: I will be ready to give my all to learn it.

Rook (pointing to her body) : There is no need for that. Besides, that is not your all!

Pawn : How can I acquire it?

Rook : In wakefulness.

Pawn : How to be enlightened?

Rook : Curse might awaken a benumbed, slumbering mobile corpse.

Pawn : What is this vigilance for?

Rook : Sleep is an oxygen consuming death.

Pawn : What is it that one has to gain?

Rook : The Red Flower.

Pawn (stammering) : Rrrred? Fffffllowwwerrr?

Rook : Rose.

Pawn : I must be dreaming. Am I really not? Is it possible that I may have a Rose too?

Rook : Yes. A Rose is the sole remedy which can be granted to an enlightened soul. Even if he has been awakened by a volley of insults.

Knight : And you are asleep.

+ : **Bishop** had just arrived. At the sight of **Pawn** among them, he seemed uneasy and suggested a private session.

Knight : Don't worry, she is asleep and cannot hear us.
Bishop : Asleep?
Knight : Non vigilantly awake.
Rook : She is in a state of early wakefulness. Even if she hears us, she will not understand.

+ : They smilingly looked into the bewildered eyes of the girl who was, at that moment, gazing at them with eternal giddiness.

Knight (to **Bishop**) : Time had forced us to forget. Have you forgotten how we all used to be like her?
Bishop : What can this possibly change? Do not doubt the pawns' alertness. They could become dangerous.
Rook : I suggest to end this debate.

+ : He said this and glanced quickly at lower ranking officers. The silence of the riders gave **Rook** a chance to

proceed.

Rook : What do you think? Is it wise for us to attack from the left wing?

Knight : There is uproar in the left field. Our forces are all scattered and the situation is stormy. We have no chance of success. We will have to begin our operations from the right front.

Bishop : I have just come back from there. The enemy has planned for a great incursion. Nothing could be worse. There is no chance of advance in the right wing. All we may be able to do is to defend our position.

Rook : Attack is the best form of defense. We will counter-attack. The midfield has long been under my own close surveillance. There is now a free column. We shall charge through the center of the battlefield.

Bishop (points to the sleeping girl) : Are we going to take her with us too?

Rook : Gone are the days when we could have a simple unidirectional goal. Today we are under the scrutiny of millions of insects, with their thousand picture honey-combed eyes. Hence, we shall prove to be not only simple - minded, but also bovine stupid, if we do not adhere to a

multi dimensional goal. The Rose, the **Pawn**, the **Queen**, and the Endless Sea are all together.

+ : Upon saying this, he beckoned to **Knight**, who was splashing a few drops of well water on **Pawn**'s face; **Knight** woke her up. As soon as **Pawn** opened her eyes, she opened her mouth too, but fell silent at the gesture of **Rook** who pointed to the path. Everyone set off.

Cage

This place is, by all modern definitions, a zoo. However, once observed more closely, it becomes apparent that it is not the animals that are confined, but the humans. It is the animals who come to watch. This predicament has been in fashion from the beginning of time, the calendar has started with it. Inmates have become accustomed to the smell of canned air. The dilemma fuels no surprise, at least not for the great majority. They are annoyed and angry, but surprise? Never. They are well familiar with the cause. They themselves are the cause.

The cage is in a meadow so vast that no one dares to estimate its actual size. The general consensus is, however, that it is enormous. People sometimes refer to it as the Universal Garden. No one even knows whether there exists another such cage in any other part of the garden.

The climate is tropical, yet arid. Some equatorial trees have sprouted here and there around the cage, and every now and then, more then than now, subtle drizzling rain washes and refreshes.

The brave inhabitant souls are as diverse as one could possibly imagine. From dreamers who dream about it, to

philosophers who philosophize it. From freedom fighters who fight for it, to dissident intellectuals who show the way to and from it. But all have been unsuccessful in giving a comprehensive, detailed description, for all have been handicapped by their particularly unique vantage points, from which and on which they alone have reported.

The cage seems to be no ordinary prison. There are differences. The fact that the cage is without a roof possess no difficulties. After all, ventilation is necessary, and communication with the sky seems, at least at this juncture, merely human.

There are no cooling systems, but that makes no problem for the inmates, for they have ripened enough to develop a thick, black protective coating around themselves the moment they enter the cage.

The cage itself is big, but not so big that one cannot see its end. The barriers which have isolated the inmates from the outside world are so tall that one cannot see their tips, for they pierce even the clouds.

The root of the cage bars are deep in soil. It has gone down to the beginning of the soil. These restrictive barriers are so densely thick and are made of such a different material that no known cutting implement is capable of making even the

smallest scratch on them. It has to be so, for the guests are of a special kind. They are human, and humans are renowned for their ingenuity.

The floor within the cage is checkered and is fashioned like a chess board. Each newcomer has a known numbered square.

The newcomers however, are exceedingly disgruntled upon entering, because the universal wish of all new prisoners of this land is to roam and romp, to meet the other inmates, especially the old timers, to learn from them, and to familiarize themselves with their new surroundings.

Tourism of any kind?
GUARD: Is forbidden!

Congregating and forming societies or groups?
GUARD: Is forbidden!

Making friends?
GUARD: Is considered to be among the greatest punishable offences and are strictly forbidden!

Within the cage there pulsates a rumor, which traverses

freely throughout the cage like an untamable, restless spirit.

They can still hear the ridiculing echo of the guards: See your hero? Even He was impotent! Even He couldn't do a damn thing!

They can also hear the softer, more parental, advice intoned by some of the stationary insiders: See what became of Him? You'd better stay and keep your nose clean, son.

It isn't the question of freedom fighting; it is simply a this too will pass *matter.*

The rumor goes like this: At some time in the past, there was a successful jailbreak. He led the escape, but it seems that only He had what it took to go on. He went on, his back to the cage in a never bending straight line, the quickest route possible away from the cage. But, at the very end of his infinite journey, He found himself back where He had started, facing the other side of the cage, staring at the bars.

No one knows what befell him throughout his journey. What some people seem to vaguely remember is that after his return, He cracked his skull open against the bars. His brain sticks on the bar.

There are no absolute calendars or time measuring devices within the cage. All relative calendars started with the cage and have been deemed null and void within the cage, and

as a result, all memories seem hazy and vague.

Memories are so faint, in fact, that even the most recent happenings seem to belong somehow to the distant past. Even though the remains of many freshly spilt brains can still be seen dripping from all the bars. One would be correct in deducing that the cage dwellers are timeless.

This rumor is used malignantly, at worst, by the outsiders, and prohibitively, at best, by the insiders. Either way, it is both painful and harmful for the inmates, for it can cause the depletion of will, and this can, in turn, cause rotting due to stagnation.

Interlocked with this rumor is another. Some scholars have deduced from his escape that the meadow in which the cage is situated is indeed immense; it is on a spherical plane, and it does not have any natural barriers worthy of mentioning.

However, the presence of bars, in extreme cases even the knowledge of the existence of bars, is sufficient to make one feel imprisoned, for it does not really matter which side you're on. If one is looking through the bars, one is a prisoner. It may be just that the physical size of one's cage is slightly bigger, and that's what gives one the illusion of freedom.

Nearer to the center of the Cage, farther to the bars. The farther one's distance from one's barriers, more freedom one

would feel. But in fact, all are prisoners in this universe.

One can imagine oneself at a zoo, in front of an animal cage. For the spectator, the actions and movements of the animal, which incidentally comes naturally, are worth observing. Why shouldn't the same not be true for the cage inhabitant looking out from inside? Are the things going on outside the cage tantamount to the norms of the inside? Why shouldn't they not be worth observing for the caged inmates?

All living things are divided into two main categories, the spectators and the spectacles, and the which is which *of it depends completely on the perspective of the viewers. This is what creates the wall between* us *and* them. *But, being an intellectual in a cage like this? HA HA!*

The insiders are never born inside, but are sometimes reborn there. When outside, although they were aware of the cage, most did not seem to care too much about it. For those who did seem slightly interested, the inside was reminiscent, not of a wild park or zoo, but more like the garden of ethos and contemplation, the garden of wisdom.

The animals came to visit the strange garden and its zoo, but because they didn't comprehend much about it, they didn't ask about it either. One does not willingly show the world the extent of one's ignorance. They never tried to communicate

with the insiders, and the insiders didn't communicate with them. They couldn't.

2nd Love Rank

+ : There were three separate paths in front of them. The sign-post at the junction described each road.

The first was the Easy Street. Comfortable, enjoyable, towards wealth, but not so clean. One would have to give up dignity along the way.

The second was called the Half Road. A glorious tree was subjected to break in the storm and a bunch of wheat on a farm, bending down before the storm, would be allowed to continue. To survive, one would have to compromise.

The third was the No Return Avenue. In fact, it was not a path at all. One would have to carve a new road in the impossible mountain. No advance information was available.

Rook did not hesitate in rejecting the first two paths. Neither Right nor Left, they made their way through the Center of the battlefield. The sweet smell of morning penetrated the innermost recesses of their souls. A balmy sun shone with hope and love. **Bishop** defended the right wing with nonpareil boldness. **Knight**defended the left wing with delicate good will. **Pawn**walked slowly, but the riders were patient.

Pawn : Give me the Rose.

Bishop : No one can give you anything now. You must prove worthy of having it first.

Knight : We hope that we may be able to give it to you.

Pawn : Why not now?

Bishop : We must adjust your internal feeling's clock first.

Pawn : There is nothing wrong with my feelings and this is perhaps the only thing I have in common with you officers.

Rook : We all share the same, but not unified feelings toward every phenomenon. They are deluded into believing that this is a shared feeling, but it does not conform in many details.

Pawn : Is this the general case?

Rook : There are those who do not develop the same feeling toward a certain phenomenon, instead, they develop a common feeling toward another.

+ : **Rook** fell silent. He was not waiting for an answer. He produced his flask and wetted his throat. Drinking was like medication to him.

Rook : What we all have in common are the forces

influencing our lives. In the final analysis, we can conclude that there are four kinds of natural forces. Recently it was proven that two of these forces spring from a single source. If I am not accused of unscientific prejudgment, I maintain that all four forces spring from a single source.

Pawn : God?

Bishop (angrily): What was that?

Pawn (ignoring him): Then you too believe in God? Wow! I like that. These impious scientists vex me to death.

Knight : How easily you wingless bare-foot pedestrian jump to the final conclusions!

Pawn : What is wrong with that?

Bishop : Nothing, save the fact that you are always bound to make mistakes.

Pawn : What do you scientists do?

Knight : I admit that we utter no more reasonable words than you do. We just judge less to err less.

+ : A tempting brightness gradually emerged. Its shining dazzled one's eyes. Its voice sounded delicately divine.

Pawn (with no endurance): Water, water! We are at last at our destination.

Knight : We may be in need of the water, but not just any water.

Pawn : Water is water.

Bishop : We seek only the Water which irrigates the bed of the Rose.

Pawn : I am infernally thirsty.

Knight : This is spring water.

Pawn : What difference does it make? It is possible to camp here.

Bishop : This is the innocent water of ignorance. We should not waste time.

Pawn : But it is clear.

Knight : It looks so because it is just shallow.

Pawn : A little water is also water!

Bishop : We have been told that no one can possibly find pearls in shallow waters.

Pawn : Who is in search of pearls?

Knight (to **Bishop**): All cannot be said at once.

Pawn : I am frightfully tired.

Rook : Okay. Let us rest our tired bodies awhile.

+ : **Rook** Said this and sent two cavaliers to the different wings. He himself came to the spring with the young innocent girl.

Pawn : How charming this spring is!

Rook : Not enough to be equal to goodness and wisdom.

Pawn (cups her hands for water): How cool!

Rook : It will neither rest your weary limbs nor extinguish your fiery thirst. It has only a short-term effect.

Pawn (washes her face): It smells strange. Will you not drink?

Rook (sat down, entranced at the charm of her trembling body and brought out his own drink and glass): I shall be ready to share many kinds of drink, but not this one. Its taste is stranger than its smell. It will make you sick.

Pawn : What shall we drink on such a journey then?

Rook (points to his flask): We shall take our own drink with us.

Pawn (gives up drinking, sits coquettishly face to face with the man): It seems that such talk diverts us from the main subject. When you mention a single source from which all natural forces spring, you are, in fact, alluding to a certain metaphysical unity.

Rook : A metaphysical unity yes, but not of a superstitious nature.

Pawn : But...

Rook (interrupts): Let me gather my senses and finish my statement, or else, to end this discussion, I shall fling an imprecation on the unfortunate philosophers in the cage, who have been promoted by talking, not thinking.

Pawn : I do apologize for interrupting you sir; please continue. This discussion is vitally important to me.

Rook (guzzles from his flask): Man's greatest mistake was that he said No to nature and engaged himself in metaphysics in the world of physics. This is the immense wonder labyrinth in which, man does not seem to be innocent.

Pawn (beckons to **Rook** to pour a drink for her): And what exactly do you mean by that?

Rook : What an advance! Your ladyship is at last ready to expose her sacred liver to the danger of Cirrhosis! Here we have a real drink from the endless sea.

+ : **Pawn** takes a drink with a motionless face.

Rook : Don't be offended. Such talks are but an effusion of

the trivial, a blind nocturnal grope along the dark cage, in fact.

Pawn : A blind nocturnal grope?

Rook : No one is as blind as those who do not wish to see.

Pawn : You are beating around the bush. Will you at least specify that unnameable metaphysics? I need to know it by a certain name.

Rook (bland and suave for the first time, with a serious intent, and in a deep, calm, careful voice): I am not talking about such things, darling; my argument is not about superstition. Moreover, I have no use for your God.

Pawn : So you are arguing about revelation?

Rook : No, I am challenging inspiration. Some think it is a boat sailing to the harbor of thought, but it is the product of the brain, and it is a major property of human thought itself.

Pawn : What difference does it make? It is just a different name for the same concept.

Rook : No. The directions has changed. They are no longer heavenwards. The good old days are gone. Nothing comes to the earth from heaven. There are things moving from the earth to the sky.

Pawn : Glorious heavenly angels...

Rook (interrupting): The sentimental findings acquired from

the land, which once belonged to the glorious angels of heavens, now lie beneath the feet of human being who is getting ready to leave the earth for good.

Pawn : How agonizing!

Rook : Don't fret. It is trainable.

Pawn : Metaphysics?

Rook : Let us call it human metaphysics. It might not solve your problem or answer your need for well known metaphysics, but it is more accurate.

Pawn : Are you arguing about man becoming prophet?

Rook : No! I am talking about man being God!

Pawn : There is nothing wrong with pantheism. To plunge into the lukewarm abyss is the finale of the irreligious.

Rook : Your abyss!

Pawn : We have been told that human beings are divided into three different groups. First, there are the hot ones who believe in God and who are loved by him. Next, there are the cold ones who maintain they do not believe in God, they are against God, they fight God. There must be somebody to be able to fight against. That is why they are considered kind of believers. They are indeed hot in spirit and their heat will someday ooze out. They are loved by God as well. The last group are the lukewarm. They are neither cold nor

hot, they do not see God, they do not love God, they do not worship and they do not insult or fight God. They are not believers and they are not non believers. They live in a separate domain all together and God is not their concern none whatsoever. They don't belong to the flock. They never return to God. Thus God hates them and They are in the abyss of disbelief.

Rook : Say the abyss of hell to satisfy everyone. Tell me, you respectable young lady, how can you quote the Bible?

Pawn : The Bible is universal.

Rook : Shut up! You don't know what you are talking about. Most problems, if not all, stem from religion. Besides, the Bible you refer to, is no longer universal, even if it once was.

Pawn : Why name it religion? Why not universal ideology?

Rook : Modern science clearly shows that the universal ideology without at least a single contradiction is absolutely impossible. The more comprehensive an ideology is, the more contradictory it becomes. When the ideology grows so large that it attains the higher degrees of universality, it becomes so contradictory that its foundations begins to shake. In this case, the ideology no longer has a reliable footing and starts cracking and breaking.

Pawn : God has the utmost degrees of universality. It is a

common concept all over the world.

Rook : In the case of highest degrees of universality, the ideology falls down catastrophically and can no longer stand as an ideology.

Pawn : I make neither head nor tail of your remarks. But the Bible is the word of God.

Rook : To talk about God and his words is beyond our comprehension. Your God is an absolute, whereas we are all relative beings.

Pawn : But this is the very God I worship and believe in. the God who is ...

Rook (stops **Pawn** rather harshly): You worshippers use God to achieve your own goals. He is at your service whenever you feel you need him. Brain washed your God has become the product of your mind. You have produced God in the laboratory of your own life, bungled, bundled, boxed.

Pawn : Without God, there will spring crime.

Rook : That is not true. Nothing is allowed under all circumstances. Complete freedom could not be achieved and limitations come from scientific ethic.

+ : **Rook** rose to his feet. **Knight** had just arrived, reporting on her wing. **Pawn** slipped on her stockings and shoes with an air of nonchalance.

Rook : Enough of wasting time, off we go!
+ : Having said this, he put his arm around **Pawn** and helped her across the spring.

Insects

Somewhere in the diseased place outside the cage there is a wall, and on this wall is an instrument which, at first sight, looks like a measuring device, a meter or a ruler to measure one's height with. There is a spectrum of colors on it. There are shades of color going from the higher to the lower. The top is red, the middle is yellow, and the bottom is green.

This ruler is bright and shining, and a hidden automatic, all seeing electronic eye is installed within. This is one of the animals' greatest technological achievements. A truly efficient detecting system. They call it the Intellect Determiner, or ID for short. Its purpose is to measure the intellectual height of passing people, and every body must pass before it at least once a day.

No one knows how the system works. What they do know though, is what it does. It emits an unknown, top secret ray which turns a passing creature into a transparent form that only the hidden eye can see. Thus, each passing creature's intellect is measured. Those in the cage call it being IDed. There is absolutely no way to avoid being IDed. The famous cage proverb is big brother is watching you.

The greatest majority in the animal kingdom are the

insects. These are those who have been IDed within the green spectrum. Second place goes to the reptilia who fall somewhere within the yellow tone. No one really notices these creatures much, and they are free to do just about anything they please.

What the insects and reptilia mostly wish to do is go about the business of everyday life. Some of these have even managed to give a meaning to their existence and have managed to build vast storage houses for themselves. They exist to fill these immense store houses, which are impossible to fill. Even though they have stored more than their whole lineage could possibly need, they go on storing. They live in mortal fear of death, and in order to pursue life, they waste it by using all their time and energy to needlessly store more.

The insects are individually worthless, for they are dependent on each other. In fact, so vital is the presence of their fellows to them that, if they were to stand alone, they would surely be squashed and become extinct forever. They are abundant, and they can only thrive and find their true meaning in groups. The same applies to the reptiles.

Because of some genetic, geographical, and educational reasons, A few of these creatures find themselves on top of the yellow spectrum. As a direct result of their elevation, their circumstances improve, and allow them to join the ranks of the

humanoids. They are given the authority to impose their wills on some of their subordinates and drive them to fulfill their desires, which is mostly of a petty nature. Top yellow creatures use their newly found authority to speed up their daily routines.

Above that is just below the red tape. People attract the suspicion of the guards and make them feel uncomfortable.

When red citizens come to view the inhabitants of the cage, something strange stirs inside them, something which makes them view the cage, not with indifference, but with a certain kind of awe. It is a certain I do not know who they are that makes them feel that they, too, should be inside. It is a certain mystery that makes them see the whole cage as a shrine of wisdom.

They begin to flirt with the idea that the insiders don't know how lucky they are to live in such a universally acclaimed place. Some even begin to develop a semi religious feelings towards the cage.

Reds from the outside have no information about the cage inhabitants. They know nothing about the actual burden of responsibility that weighs so heavily on the shoulders of the insiders or about the hardships they must endure.

They have delusions of grandeur, feelings asquick, sharp, and dangerous as lightning. They want to join the ranks of the

insiders. They actually yearn to become a link in the center circle. They want to go in!

They secretly begin to work out because they know that certain exercises will increase their intellectual levels. As a result, they grow and reach the top of the red zone.

Along the vicinity of the top red tape, one experiences a sort of metamorphic transmutation, a psycho spiritual crisis. The force of this is so great that only a few can withstand its full force, and this only for a short time. None can remain on the red line itself due to this pressure. Only those who are disciplined enough to burn a slow smoldering burn with the heat of excitement and who are able to withstand the pressure are catapulted upward. The mark of the burn will forever be with them, for it makes them turn black.

Those who do not have the stamina and the determination and can not tolerate to burn superficially, cool off rapidly and go back below the red line. They also change color, but do not turn black. Although they have been exposed to extreme heat, their ability to burn is shallow; instead, they burn rapidly on the surface, which turns them to ash grey.

The grey creatures do not go inside the cage. They go back to where they started, but with a different task. They become guards. Only the ones who could tolerate the energy

emission of sound speed become black. Once they have ripened to black, they are doomed to the cage, there to stay until the end of time with the rest of the black destiny cage inhabitants.

3rd Knowledge Rank

+ : The path was getting perceptibly uneven. Stone.

Pawn : I believe God does exist, don't you?

+ : **Rook** looked at Right and Left sky, observed the clouds coming close.

Rook : I don't want to talk at all. You also don't talk when you walk. It will exhaust you.
Pawn : The burden of carrying numerous questions will exhaust me more.
Rook : Silent walking is a good way of thinking.
Pawn : You always go back to your silence theory. Is it not, considering the amount of words you use afterwards, self-contradictory?
Rook : We usually talk, but do not speak. There are limitations to our languages. The function of our articulated tongue, which is one of the most important gifts of Satan, is nothing but to drag chessmen into a realm of errors.

Pawn : But speaking in order to communicate is one of the features which distinguishes us from other creatures.

Rook : Man's feelings which cause his psycho-rhythms are produced under the influence of the forces of nature, along with individual metronomes or personal time. These extraordinary feelings have complicated qualities and are like moving masses of clouds, fog, and smoke. They have different colors, move inside one another, mix and mingle together.

Pawn : So, you think expression of feelings necessarily leads to misconception.

Rook : Let us consider the family of words.

Pawn : I have always been poor in grammar.

Rook : Grammar is a must in contemporary thinking. Let us discuss a family of abstract words, if you like. Take, for example, words such as art, beauty, love, goodness, knowledge, wisdom, kindness, thought, humanity, and so on. If these words grow small enough conceptually and increase in number, they might bear parts of our feelings in their wombs. But since these words are now broad, vague, and have no similarity with changing cloudy feelings and other phenomenon they are expected to handle or to measure, they do not function properly. Now let us add the words

pity, emotion, and sympathy to our list so that we may learn how complex the issue is. These non-precise words allude to multidimensional realms, and each one of them is solely undefinable by itself.

Pawn : Awesome!

Rook : At the moment, there are at least more than one hundred million concepts in the cage, waiting for proper name, definition and expression. All we have at most, is less than five million words. So, each word must carry out, on average, the payload of twenty concepts.

Pawn : What is needed to solve this problem?

Rook : What we really need is an infinite number of tiny words, but they are impossible to remember and to use; therefore, silence could be the solution.

Pawn : Where these limitations leads us to?

Rook : As a matter of fact, the compulsory separation of these concepts with the help of these words looks like a word game.

Pawn : What are we to do?

Rook : We all have to play games.

Pawn : How do we play it?

Rook : In any subject we need to describe, we are not able to scrutinize the whole issue, therefore we simplify it. On the

other hand, the subject might arouse in us with synesthesia, the smell, color, sound, taste, heat, cold, balance, softness, harshness and . . . In such cases, we are dealing with a much more complicated matter.

Pawn : And the greater the structure we want to describe, the bigger the problem we face.

Rook : Yes. The reason you can not define art in general and its different genres, say poetry in particular, depends on the huge structure they encompasses.

Pawn : Most words you mentioned previously, are closely associated with chessmen nature and function independently.

Rook : Here lies the contradiction. These conceptions are human and exist within us. Chessmen have become an integral part of these conceptions. The surrounding and the surrounded have become an amalgam.

Pawn : But all beings love the same, if not equally. Love is universal and exists outside, thus it knows no time or spatial limitations.

Rook : Is that really so? Forget the long genetic discussion. In a language, where love is pronounced with E & SH and heavy GH, the word will give a warm brown feeling and a spiritual Prussian blue outlook. In a language with L and

vibrating V, it will move other parts of the speaking organism, with semi-weighted passion, a pigeon with a brighter color, with more movement and less weight, perhaps a forgotten red. And in a language pronounced with A & M and fast vibrating R, it flies light like a Swallow and sings nicely like a Canary with a pastel light blue, or sexual flesh tint. Yes my dear, Love also knows linguistic boundaries as well as other limitations.

Pawn : It is strange. I still don't realize when you are serious or humorous. Do you assert that we are different just because of our language differences?

Rook : Yes I do. Love, for instance, for a not so accurately speaking person, i.e. most of us, represents only softness, heat and darkness. Love has the color of skin, smells of the mate's perfume, and has nothing to do with previously mentioned conditions, whereas carnal desires are a part of previous love.

Pawn : You are in the middle of my favorite subject. Don't exit please!

Rook : But I have no intention of discussing the nature of love! I am trying to concentrate on grammar if your charming appeal allows me to do so. Although, I intend to express love to you in three different languages tonight.

How can I possibly express such a feeling by means of articulated language?

Pawn : I never thought that way.

Rook : When you use the word love, you separate a part of your feeling from your being. Words serve as sharp blades which cut away a part of your soul. You use the surgical scalpel to cut a piece of yourself, but this knife is thick. Even if it would be as fine as a laser cutting instrument, it would still be thick. Cutting with such a blade will affect the entire environment. In other words, it will ruin feelings. The measurement device will affect the phenomenon you are measuring, such as when you use the word love, you destroy the exact concept of the very existence of love.

Pawn : Are you saying that there is no hope of a healthy, wholesome communication?

Rook : Not yet.

Pawn : And does it not reduce you to silence?

Rook : Ha, ha! You see? Silence. But I tell you that other languages exist which are more audible than articulated sonic language. They speak better than spoken languages.

Pawn : Other languages?

Rook : Scientific languages, such as logic mathematics, artificial intelligence, genetic engineering, and the like, and

artistic languages, such as music, painting and poetry.

Pawn : So, the language of religion and mysticism must have something to say too.

Rook : There are words, such as intellectualism and mysticism, which will finally file a case in the court of justice against man. If by mysticism, you mean enlightenment or insight, it pairs best with knowledge, which is the most suitable way for man to reach his goal.

Pawn : Pair?

Rook : Knowledge and intuition, if not the two wings of a bird, are the two wheels of a bicycle.

Pawn : Mysticism or whatever you call it, has something to say.

Rook : Perception or mysticism as you term it, may be misused or violated for the sole reason that it has no laboratory. In fact, a word which can not be experienced, repeated and annulled cannot turn into valuable speech. Religion and mysticism, as is your intention, remain in the dark realm.

Pawn : I feel them bright.

Rook : Speech is about definability. However, the non definability is an integral part of our mental conceptions. Mysticism today has changed its meanings. Those who use

insight for the sake of personal benefit are counterfeit mystics. Look around and see the supermarkets of mysticism; this turns mysticism, which is intended to be insight, into its anti- thesis. Those who are engaged are not holy men, but businessmen.

Pawn : What should we say about science then?

Rook : Science has a laboratory and it demands a business.

Pawn : The dialectics of . . .

Rook : No dialectics is universal. All kind of dialectics lead to overwhelming errors to the extent that they may draw the dagger of hatred in response to love.

Pawn : How are we going to declare love then?

Rook : Love is not what you declare, express, or manifest. Love is the natural way of giving, which in itself, is the only path, and you learn through love. It is the only stable relationship between man and woman. Love is what you give, just like a Rose or a Phoenix Feather.

+ : The sound of water was a far away music to her ears. More they advanced, louder the sound. **Pawn** was laboring for breath. Taking her hand, **Rook** helped **Pawn** across the

stones. Gradually, the great stone waterfall emerged into sight. **Pawn** used the remainder of her exhausted strength to walk on.

Pawn : Let us sit down.
Rook (in a blaming tone): I told you not to speak while walking.

+ : The girl hung upon the man, dragging herself laboriously. She had exerted all her energy, reached the waterfall, and plunged into the water.

– : Why are you silent?
+ : Don't you smell the invisible spies?

Pawn : With all these complications, and all those enemies, how are we to find our way?
Rook : With knowledge. This is the only way, and teaching is the best beginning. The sole firm reliable relationship

between a man and a woman is a cultural relationship. You either teach me or learn from me, or we shall both learn from a third party.

Pawn : Do we need to reach the source of absolute knowledge first?

Rook : There is no such a thing. Everything depends on you as an observer, and on your brain and mental conceptions as an instruments of measurement. The result of any research depends on the means, the aim, and the method of research.

Pawn : Instead of simplifying the discussion, you complicate it by expressing your internal contradictions. It is simple and evident. We are all the servants of God and equal in His eyes.

Rook : Do we look at the issue telescopically or microscopically? When you state that all men are equal, you look at the issue macroscopically while there is another face to it. The multiplicity of natural phenomena, elements and constituents pertaining to man, hundred trillions...

Pawn (interrupts **Rook**): Trillions?

Rook : Man with thousands of billions cells, who react individually and differently, is certainly different from his fellow beings. Such a huge number of possibilities nullifies the probability of similarity.

Pawn : But religions, laws, and doctrines regard us as equal.

Rook : And create the expectation of equality. As an analogy, let us look at the different musical instruments of an orchestra. They play the same tune, but not with the same intonation. It is too pernicious an expectation to which a judicious biologist can bear witness.

Pawn : Why biology?

Rook : Since the beginning of genesis, every single unicellular being has continued to live on the basis of absorbing the surrounding environment and eating its own kind. In fact, every single cell in our body is a blatant cannibal, but the total billions of cannibalistic cells must act like a saint.

Pawn : Your discussion is too heavy to have any practical use.

Rook : The issue is not as easy as you first thought. Men are equal when we, as observers, ride the forces of nature and regard their reactions. We become ashes in a thunderbolt similarly or drown in a flood in the same manner. Yet, men are different when we ride the cells and regard human actions and cellular reactions microscopically. One cell is poisoned with nicotine in the beginning of its life. Another dies of fatigue in the middle of its life. Another cell remains

healthy because it receives nothing but vitamins and good nourishment.

Pawn : According to your discussion, the question is how you look at the issue.

Rook : Yes. Men are equal and unequal. When you say all men are living or say men will die, you will see the equality. Men are mortal. We all die. But even on that, we do not all die similarly.

Pawn : Do we really have to die?

Rook : Chessmen have died so far. We have always died. We will continue to die as long as we stick to our rules and orders, to our pre defined ISM's. In a society of worship, we are already dead. To escape the clutches of total death or to avoid this collective crime, we have no alternative but to discard all our dogmas.

+ : Multi colored masses of clouds stumbled across the sky. Gazing at the sky, **Rook** spoke.

Rook : Can't you see the clouds? They might come closer and collide and rain dogs and cats upon our heads. We

should seek shelter to protect us.

+ : With half opened eyes, **Pawn** looked up at the sky but saw nothing. She veiled her perplexed anxiety coquettishly. **Rook** observed her amorously. **Pawn** closed her eyes. They fell to the ground, and, surrendering to love's fire, they made love.

+ : **Bishop** was back, delivering horrible news of his line. **Rook** looked up at the clouds racing across the heavens and at the woman who was asleep. Knowing the value of every single moment, conscious of the horror of the journey, he pointed to the path.

Bishop : I suggest you entrust her to the care of our dependable **Knight**. Let her arrive at her own conclusions, and let us do what we have to do.

+ : It took **Knight** no time to appear, but waking **Pawn** was difficult. The more her eyes opened, the more her mouth shut. She was given to **Knight** for the next chess step.

Chameleon

Inside the cage there are no names, for the insiders need none. Personality however, is what they have in abundance, and that makes a form of clear identity. Outside, however the situation is quite the reverse. Since the outsiders can have no individual identity, names and titles have become integral.

Mathematical signs and symbols have replaced names inside the cage, and they work much better than any other brands of identification. Signs, such as addition, subtraction, the ultimate goal of multiplication, division, differentiation, summation and so on are proven to be more useful. So important are these signs, in fact, that they are the building blocks of the strongest construction possible: The Universal Construction of Knowledge, made within the cage.

The cage with its residents are visited by all the outsiders. The majority of the visitors are the wondrous varieties of insects, but all are the darkest of dirty green. When not agitated, they are not intentionally noxious. Of course, enough of their collective venom would suffice to wipe out the whole population, but until they are told otherwise, they try to uphold the rules of etiquette drilled into them, and they go about their own business. Once agitated, however, they attack blindly in

mass and carry out their orders of destruction with crude efficiency.

The guards also come to visit. They have no particular look and can even look normal! Their only difference is that they are of the clan of the returned or rejected reds and are ash grey. Also, they are sick, afflicted with a narcissism.

Their leaders need their children for the war effort, so they engage in sexual activities all the time. Because of their narcissism, they only copulate with their own kind. The resulting incest leads to a kind of dogmatic caste-like inbreeding.

Most greys are utilized outside and around the zoo. They want to go in, they desire to go in, they apply to go in. There is also a great need for guards inside. Sometimes they even volunteer to be put on long term assignments within the zoo.

Their applications are closely examined by high ranking officials and must be ultimately approved by the Office of His Majesty, the darkest, most dangerous insect of all: The Holy Eminence, Royal Absolute Peerless Ignoble Sanctimonious Tyrant, never possible to acronym! THE RAPIST hand picks these special task forces and deploys them within the zoo. Guards are needed everywhere.

There are interesting activities inside. Tale telling is one

of the favorites, but it is forbidden. One of the most recounted stories is that of the Heroic Flunk:

In days gone by, the inmates made the timeless error of thinking that by exterminating all the insects and the lower orders, they could rid themselves of their bonds and break free. Their plan worked like a dream in theory, but, in practice, they saw that complete annihilation was impossible. The survivors quite literally fed on the remains of their fallen martyrs, which had a miraculous effect.

The insiders saw with unbelieving eyes that two new insects sprang from each cannibal bite. These too continued to devour the putrid flesh, and they too multiplied. So instead of getting rid of the insects, they ended up creating even more horrifying replacements. The insects grew in number more rapidly than poisonous mushrooms. It makes one wonder if the insects had the secret of the Hydra, without its Achilles' heel.

Having learned from this lesson, and after their wounds of defeat had been given enough time to heal, they realized that killing the insects was not the key to freedom. They discovered that instead of wielding the tools of war, they had to master the means to educate. Before one is able to educate, one must be able to communicate, and for that, the use of proper language was the prime necessity. They needed the

insects' language, and some determined to learn the language.

To their amazement, the insiders found that not only were the insects willing to teach their language, but also promoted the idea and truly enjoyed this new cooperation. The reason for this soon became clear. When a mistaken cage dweller learned more insects' language, more he tended to become insect.

As the insider learned new words, he began to grow an antennae. The more words he learned, the longer his antenna became. And the distance between him and the insiders grew, until at last, he became completely insecticidal. His antennae became highly developed.

Not only had he now the power to receive the information around him, but he had also gained the power to relay the inside information perceived. He became a hole, leaking the inside news and information, and because of all that, the intellectuals lost their interest to penetrate the enemy for the final goal of smarting out the insects.

It was the insects' religion that not only permitted trickery and deception as a form of policy, but also encouraged it. It was this very aptitude that had kept them in power.

It is here that they have the advantage over the intellectuals, for all the insects are blindly religious. Also,

because the majority of the insects are vehemently ignorant, they are manipulated to the benefit of the higher insects who trick and deceive even their own people. This policy is sanctified by their religion.

The insect theologians had perfected these deceptive arts. The highest ranking insects were from the intelligentsia circle and were the most cunningly tricky.

Those with the long sensitive antennae, who embrace the insects' language and who have returned to the insectile state of being, not only lose all their identity and credibility, but they also lose their blackness. They become invisible.

No one can see them as long as they are in the cage, for they are given the power to pass freely into and out of the cage. When outside, they turn dark, murky, oil slick blue, a hue that displays a multitude of colors depending on which way the light reflects from it. They have mastered the art of drawing upon their inexhaustible color pigment supply, and they change color at will, when needed. They become chameleon outside.

Upon re-entering the cage to go to work, they become invisible again. If it were not for the vile, reeking odor they emit when awake and at work, they would be completely undetectable. This vile, pungent, repelling odor only ceases when they leave the cage or fall asleep. When they are awake

though, there is still danger, for an intellectual cage dweller may become so used to the smell that he can no longer sense it. And in this case, the inmate's life is no longer safe because he can not hide any secrets. He will always be under the close watch of invisible secret police, and all his friends will be in danger too. He can not have secrets any more, and not having secrets makes life impossible in the cage.

One must, therefore, never become used to the smell, and the way to prevent this is to smell the Red Flower. The Red Red Rose springs newly every spring. Because of this redeeming quality, possession of the flower rates amongst the most dangerous crimes and brings severe punishment.

4th Needlessness Rank

+ : By slow gradation, the delicacy of girlish beauty gradually gave way to profound womanly imaginative meditation. Putting on make-up was time consuming.

Knight : We must quicken our pace. In the row you are standing now, treacherous tendencies breed animosity.

Pawn : What against?

Knight : Perhaps you are supposed to bear the first **Queen** of this scene. Your face must have played a vital role in this game. **Rook** is an utter devil.

Pawn : Is it really probable that I may become **Queen** someday?

Knight : No doubt you may. We have been told we shall have a rider-bearing mother. Now we have pinned all our hopes on this mother and her motherly miracle. And I see of no reason why you should not be her.

Pawn : It seems you say two different things. Is **Queen** the same rider - bearing mother?

Knight : It would be most astonishing if it is not. Do you

think otherwise?

Pawn : I presume **Rook**'s obsessive precision has influenced me as well. Tell me more about this mother.

Knight : I know little, if not nothing.

Pawn : What characteristics should she possess?

Knight : You ought to have asked what she should not possess. Wealth is not in possessing, it is in not needing. Affluence is not needing, and she is the wealthiest of all.

Pawn : The term not needing somehow seems to be dangerous idealism.

Knight : The world has always been dominated by two different streams of thought: First, having and wanting. Second, not having and not wanting. Possession and craving for more is the basis of the other - siders. The follower of this stream never achieves bliss and always feels dull. Lack of possessions and lack of greed will bring freedom from what stucks man to mundanes. This freedom is the living basis of this - siders.

Pawn : Not having and not wanting is impractical due to actual needs. Is this not accepting poverty and imprisonment?

Knight : The second stream does not function properly, especially in the world of speedy movements. That's why we

rebel. A complete revolutionary change is needed.

Pawn : Both sides are exaggerating. I have always secretly thought that justice is intimately and inherently associated with balance. Justice is balance. But the main question is, how we can attain the status of **Queen**. Call it not needing or wealth or whatever.

Knight : She needs not. She greeds not. Perhaps one can approach her in glory by disposing of one's belongings down.

Pawn : Disposing?

Knight : Throwing away superfluities. I mean the odds-and-ends which you have dangling from yourself.

Pawn : What? But these are jewels!

Knight : You should be set free from this chaff.

Pawn : Getting rid of my beloved jewels?

Knight : As long as you are chained to this trash, you can have no real hope of arriving at your destination. The lighter we are, the sooner we shall reach our destination.

Pawn : These are ornaments.

Knight : This cover makes you heavy. Soon you will get to the point that the lighter you are, the more you will empathize with your own life. It is a passage that can be passed only without ornamental decoration.

Pawn : Why don't you speak more clearly?

– : What happened? Why are you silent?

+ : Smell the damned air.

+ : At length **Knight**, under the pressure of **Pawn**'s questions, enlarged on all historical reasons as well as archaeological findings in this regard. Then she discussed matriarchal and patriarchal periods and cast light on problems such as polygamy, family economy, and the history of jewels. It took a long time.

Knight : There is a sign of slavery and possessiveness in all these jewels regardless of their material value or fine finish. Necklaces and bracelets are only two examples. Earrings, nose rings, anklets, and other objects of slavery are not suitable for an intelligent being any more. Today, these signs of slavery are amongst the dearest objects to some people, but have they ever helped them to gain better perception?

+ : The sound of water impeded hearing. They had arrived at the raging, angry river. Panicked **Pawn** dropped down

with a thud. All **Knight**'s attempts to make her move were futile. **Pawn** was not able to cross the river. Sitting by her side, **Knight** commenced to encourage her. The rushing river frightened **Pawn** greatly.

Knight : Don't worry. I shall carry you across the stream without your even getting wet.

+ : **Pawn** gazed at **Knight** with petrified eyes.

Knight (pointing to her jewels): To wade across this stream, you must first lighten yourself.

+ : They sat together, removing her jewels, decorations and ornaments. It was like throwing worthless grains of sand into the water. In the meantime, they pursued the subject of their talk. The barer and lighter she became, the less her fear grew.

Pawn : I was told, you have read only a single book in your entire life, but it seems that you have read much more.

Knight : I have only read the first volume of The Brothers Karamazov. This was due to the strong recommendation of the people here. The next volume was explained to me later. The more they tried to make me read after that, the less they succeeded.

Pawn : It seems that the resigned military engineer, Dostoyevsky, is to blame for the lunacy of those who lost their minds after reading his works.

Knight : That is a first rate compliment comrade, thanks.

Pawn : But why?

Knight : Now that knowledge and ignorance are one and the same, reading is poison.

Pawn : What! What?

Knight : Don't get excited.

Pawn : I am not. I am shocked! You certainly don't mean that awareness and ignorance are the same. This is spreading ignorance and is extremely dangerous.

Knight : The knowledge which can be put into words must be quantitative, accountable, and worthy of abolition. This is what we call science. Aristotle is science but is later swept aside by Newton. Newton is science but is later swept aside by Einstein. Einstein is science now, and who knows about the future?

Pawn : What is the use of all this trying then? What Are we struggling for? Is it worth challenging this dangerous road?

Knight : Don't let your mind wander in nowhere land. The discussion of the unity of knowledge and illiteracy is valid only in the static realm of stillness. In the dynamic world of kinetics, an Aristotle must exist to bring a Newton into existence and a Newton to bring an Einstein into existence. Einstein is still on his feet, and nothing can be foretold about his future.

Pawn : How can you survive without reading then?

Knight : I think a lot, see a lot, listen a lot, and move a lot. I discover what is suitable for my situation, or I invent according to my needs. Do not give me books, for I shall not drink poison! Instead give me a drop of extract syrup to drink if you want to help me,

Pawn : We have fundamental differences of opinion.

Knight (gazes worriedly at the thickening clouds): It is late. Let us not continue this never-ending discussion. The water current is getting stronger, and our delay will give it more power.

+ : **Pawn** Ignored **Knight**'s warning, assumed a self-satisfied face, thus ingratiating herself by her facial expression.

Pawn : But I don't understand. You should elaborate more on that.

Knight : You know very well that whatever you acquire from the external world, say from your readings, will not help you and may even misguide you unless internalized. But the point is that when the external findings are internalized, you will undergo a drastic change, and all the rest will follow suit. According to this discussion, no book stays outside you. And you are not the one you used to be. You have devoured the books and digested them. In fact, you are not the reader, but the writer.

Pawn : What purpose do these internalized books serve?

Knight : They turn into proverbs, i.e. they turn into the extract syrup of thousands of human beings living in the time span of thousands of years, and then they turn **Pawn** to **Queen**.

Pawn : So you consider an inseparable amalgamated role for knowledge and chessman!

Knight : Absolutely! But only for knowledge and awareness, not for faith and imposition. As a matter of fact, the main axis of life is knowledge, and the mainstream of life is towards the universal construction of knowledge. No

conception was possible before knowledge emerged. The whole universe will become meaningless without knowledge, and without meaning, nothing can exist.

Pawn : And the conclusion of your knowledge?

Knight : TELISM.

Pawn : What is that? Any new kind of ISM? Or just an oriental word for talisman?

Knight : The amalgamation of Time, Energy, Light, Information, Space, Mass. It is the total product of modern science, the single brick that our universal home is made from.

Pawn : How could one put all this into practice?

Knight : Goodness, beauty, and knowledge are one. They are the windows of the galaxy of love, just as evil, ugliness, and ignorance are one, the windows of hell.

Pawn : The only problem is the impossible attainability of total knowledge. What are we going to do then?

Knight : That's a good question, but not easy to answer. After all, even Prometheus was incapable of doing anything for mankind.

Pawn : There are no more than two apparent approaches anyway: knowledge and mysticism.

Knight : The horrifying news is that those two are one.

Pawn : What?

Knight : To be honest with you, knowledge and mysticism lead to a certain destination. And this indeed is the greatest secret of which you are not entitled to share yet.

Pawn : But...

Knight : There is no but. I should not reveal the great secret. Don't let me perpetrate another sin. I deserve serious punishment so far. If you wish to isolate these two and view them separately, I tell you right now, you are entering a blind alley. This dead end, however, is two sided!

Pawn : How can one cross this blind alley?

Knight : To fly over the blind alley, one should be extremely careful and proceed slowly.

Pawn : Did I hear right? Did you say fly?

Knight : Yes. That is true.

Pawn : But how? Is it that simple?

Knight : I know you think it is impossible. To achieve this goal, we need a Phoenix feather. Fortunately, we have one.

Pawn : A Phoenix feather?

Knight : A Rose!

Pawn : To perform miracles?

Knight : Let us ignore the path of miracles and choose another one.

Pawn : Which path?

Knight : Chessman is armed with a single but not a simple weapon, a brain. Our sole remedy lies in letting our minds function without believing its product, our knowledge.

Pawn : It is both impossible and impractical.

Knight : What do you think Socrates, who discovered knowledge as the mainstream of life, did? What books did he write? Writing any book is the best indication of its writer's illiteracy - and not writing it, treason. Our choice is either confession of our illiteracy or treachery.

Pawn : How can we possibly communicate?

Knight : Everything but silence is futile. But in the world of sounds where silence is a sound itself, there is indeed no silence.

Pawn : Teach me silence!

Knight : By talking?

+ : Having said this, **Knight** rose up with a sophisticated, nimble adroitness, took **Pawn** who had now thrown all her belongings into the flowing water and had become light. **Knight** put **Pawn** on her shoulder and plunged into the water.

The strong current neutralized all efforts, but **Knight**

knew how to swim against the current. The water was above their heads, and **Knight** struggled with all her might. **Pawn**'s tongue stiffened due to great fear. The strong current was vertiginous.

Pawn could not close her eyes. She might break loose at any time. At first, she supported herself by holding onto **Knight**, but the agony of struggling against the current was unbearable. In an instant, she wished to surrender herself to the river.

In the water, she observed all sorts of small and large creatures, tritons, minnows and other creatures, being taken away. The corpse of the previous **Pawn**, exactly like herself, was among them. At this, she remembered what **Knight** had told her and closed her mouth.

She lost track of time. After what seemed ages, she felt **Knight**'s powerful iron muscles soften under her knees. A horrible thing had happened. Now they were near the other bank. The wounded **Knight** was trying to reach the river bank with all her might. She threw **Pawn** onto the shore but could not save herself, and was swept away by the strong current.

+ : **Pawn** was now alone. An internal smog smothered any kind of concentration. Great mourning for **Knight** and the oblivion induced by the fear of solitude cast the ship of her mind adrift. For the first time, she glanced round with wide-open eyes. Looking down into the abyss from which she had risen, she realized, in a state of great consternation, the depth of horror of the non-returnable path.

After ages, she saw **Rook** and **Bishop** approaching. At this, she felt exceedingly exhilarated. She had been given the whole world. Even more! There was no longer the question of having or wanting.

Rook did not permit a lengthy story, ordering her to give only a brief report of what had happened.

Pawn : She plunged into the water with great courage and took me across the river, but she was carried away by the current.

Bishop : The water is still red. She must have been shot.

Rook : Let's be off.

Pawn (raises her voice): As simple as that? You have got to do something.

Rook : Save your vehemence for the proper time.

Pawn : What if she is alive and captive?

Rook : She was in total possession of individual values and capabilities. Her absence is irremediable. She was the first person in the cage whom I helped to become a rider. She was my closest friend, and her absence burns my heart. But these are not good reasons why we should do anything else but continue on our way.

Pawn : I can not!

Rook : Cage people are socially valuable as long as they are alive, healthy and upright. When one of them gets knocked down, he suddenly becomes devoid of collective values, although he might keep his personal values. What we do here is a collective affair, and only social people can manage it.

Bishop : Time does not permit delay further; let us go.

Pawn : I blame myself for her death. The clutches of death could have been intercepted had I crossed the river without delay. I wasted her time, I wasted her life. I killed her!

Rook : We are wasting words. What you say is wrong; guilt or innocence is not the issue. He who acts may err. Wisdom tells us to learn from our mistakes rather than take revenge on ourselves.

Bishop : Besides, she must have had a reason to give in to

your procrastination. That she sacrificed her life gives me fresh hope.

Pawn (crying madly, her tears raining into the river): And what is that?

Bishop : We shall ultimately arrive at our destination.

Pawn : Do you mean that you have not quite been sure of the path, yet you ventured on?

Bishop : No one can be sure.

Pawn : Then how can one dare to start?

Bishop : There are two parameters in every activity. Start from somewhere; work with enthusiasm.

Rook (to **Bishop**, ignoring **Pawn**): Do you think she had read up the position until the end?

Bishop : She was a great chess player and never acted impulsively. She must have sacrificed herself for a greater goal.

Rook : Off we go!

Law

Within this place there are laws specifically designed to pertain to those below the law! The ruling class, however, is above the law. They do not have to obey any law, and there is no punishment for them, no matter what they do.

Even the insects are not trusted, and the bosses must be able to keep them under control. The structure of these farcical laws are such that none are possible to obey, for they are fundamentally contradictory, not only to themselves, but to the laws of survival and to the nature.

The reason for this is exceedingly simple, yet ingenious. If one is given a host of non obeyable laws, how can one obey them?

Cage people are not expected to be truly obedient; as long as they pretend to be obedient would be sufficient. They are however, expected to be silent. And this is where the secret lies. Enforcement of these laws is tightened and relaxed according to whether or not a distraction is required.

There are time, when the governing body of the cage is involved in some dirty business, specially when foreign financial affair is concerned, this is when the distraction trick keeps cage dweller busy with their own affairs, mainly,

changing an old law and adopting a new one.

It also gives THE RAPIST a calculated opportunity to further oppress by making an example of one or more of his subjects, thereby silencing the others.

This technique is also used in another, more dangerous, instance. Occasionally, an insider manages to perceive a secret, and would whisper a message that can potentially be revealing and therefore threatening. In such instances, the worst possible punishment is imposed.

This punishment, to date, has been more than any constitution can bear. His Majesty THE RAPIST exposes the thinker in all his vulnerable human nudity and invites his followers to do to him as they please. The insects rape the brave intellectual and literally eat the unfortunate thinker alive.

After this punishment is imposed, the other insiders retreat for a while to both mourn the plight of their valiant martyr and to reflect on their own situation. However, it is not long before they come back to the scene, and they return with a vengeance and even thicker skinned than before. This is a paradox for the insects, and they can never deal with it.

Whenever THE RAPIST wishes, there can be a punishment. In order to be a punishment, there must first be a crime. But the nature of the laws in cage is contradictory,

which makes everybody guilty of something. There is no delay or obstacle in convicting and sentencing the cage dweller, when needed. All that the guards need to do is undress the inmate to reveal his secrets.

Once the intention to punish is there, even the smallest excuse will do, and the insects within the green zone are all too eager to please themselves, eating guilty inmate.

At times, the insects need to punish an intellectual, but they do not have a good reason, and the reason they announce in public, is without substance. On such occasions, the insects have a method to produce a reason to persecute: Confession!

In the insectile judiciary system, the procedure which leads to investigation and prosecution is inverted. In a logical system, the prosecution would seek a conviction based upon the hard fact, reasoning, motivation, evidence, then come the witnesses, and finally a confession. But, a simple confession is more than sufficient for the insects, and how they obtain the confession is well known. One would confess to anything, under the insects' advice and guidance.

It might seem to the Human Rights Activists, that in this strange land all live in a state of chaos. But both the insiders and the outsiders have been playing this game since the beginning of time.

To safeguard against any possible alien human rights activists interference, the scientist insects have created a deceptive shield called Constitution which conceals the truths. This would prevent the aliens to intervene on behalf of the drowning insiders.

When alien human right activists decide to investigate, the insects pull out the constitutional shield from its hiding place and brandish it. This deceives the investigators who cannot see through it. As a result, the human rights watch, leave without having achieved anything, except perhaps easing their consciences, for they have been tricked into thinking that all is well and lawful within the state of the constitution.

The fundamental mistake of some cage dwellers is to refer to constitutional law and ask insects to observe their own laws. The decorative laws are there, not to be obeyed by insects, but as a means for torturing inmates. The insects' reaction to an intellectual's demands is ultimate punishment; the intellectual will immediately be eaten up by the insects.

This is, in itself, incomprehensible to the aliens who are light years far away. A constitution is a semi law which the insects firmly pretend to believe and uphold. What the insects perceive as law is something that has been devised to make life worse for the citizens so that those in power can remain in

power.

There are people who think that the aliens do know what is going on under the shield but don't give a damn because it would harm their business deals. That would mean that even the outsider's mild occasional interest in this vicinity is itself a mask that they are wearing to silence public opinion in their own land!

After all, the alien leaders could claim that they tried to bring human rights acts into practice but could find nothing wrong with the state of things in the cage. They could claim that everything was proceeding within a constitutional framework, thus cheating their own public opinion.

They know for sure that the loan given to the cage leaders, to improve the living standard of the cage inhabitants, is not spent on the original purpose, and would directly go to the leaders bank account. The outside help therefore, is a means of more oppression.

5th Unity Rank

+ : The middle front resistance was getting intense. Movement was sluggish. **Pawn**'s eyes were wide open. She took small but rather firm steps. Her mind was harassed.

Pawn : The machines here are fascinating. The scientists with all these instruments, will ultimately discover the laws of nature.

Rook : How can we possibly discover the laws of the lawless?

Pawn : The world is orderly and has at least one law.

Rook : The universe is disorderly and knows no laws. In fact, there is not even one universal law, and if there was, it would have not been discoverable by us.

Pawn : All scientific university text books are filled with laws, yet you deny the existence of laws?

Rook : Local, situational, and cross sectional laws are limited to the realm of history and geography. There exist no unlimited or universal laws. but if there were any, we would have had no means of getting to know them.

Pawn : How did all these text book laws come to being then?

Rook : Man tries in vain to invent universal laws. Modern science bears witness to this statement, say from Heisenberg to Godel. In fact, the direction of modern science is in sympathy with Archemides. There is no firm base in the whole universe, else Archimedes would have lifted the world with his lever.

Pawn : And what would happen then?

Rook : The enamel vault of heaven would burst asunder and a new panorama would emerge into sight.

Pawn : Is there no way to reach that goal?

Rook : Apple. Rose. Endless Sea.

Pawn : If there is no strong reliable base, where and how do we stand in the universe?

Rook : The reliable ground to stand on, is the solidarity in chessmen love. But even love, the most reliable base, is not fixed in time. Those who love each other, arm in arm, glide across the sky like a planet with no clear future.

Pawn : What can guarantee this little much?

Rook : There is no guarantee against many possible accidents, yet love is indeed the best haven in the world.

Pawn : Didn't you once hold different opinions on love?

Rook : Have I committed myself to say the same things all the time? When words are puffs of wind, what matters is what we do, not what we say.

Pawn : Speaking is in the middle section. We out to think good, speak good and act good.

Rook : Religion again? Listen, we are not the masters of natural phenomena. We are mastered by them. Nature encompasses, and we are encompassed. As a result, whatever we say applies to one aspect of nature; our words are inside the natural building surrounding us. We talk about something, let us say about a wall, then we are in a position to discuss the other aspect, say the opposite wall. Now we can take it for granted that we have not been gripped by contradictions.

Pawn : What we need is a complete picture.

Rook : We can not go outside the universe and walk around it to get that photo you need; wherever we go is inside. We are trapped inside.

Pawn : Without a complete picture, we are bound to contradiction.

Rook : That is why chessmen affairs have become first rate swordsmanship.

Pawn : What about Heaven and Hell? God and Devil?

Rook : All right. Let us look upon good and evil, or, in your wording, God and Devil. Even you will fail to cast light on Good and Evil. Do you know why? Because you regard Good and Evil like a black and white issue. It is either good or evil in your mind, whereas they are grey and associated with spectral issues that allude to some certain type of union. For instance, Evil and Good are one in essence, like Devil and God. If you still insist on your logic, you can take them as two sides of a coin.

Pawn : You mean to say beauty and ugliness are one?

Rook : I am well aware of your resisting soul, but this is the very horrible revelation which removes the smile from lips forever.

Pawn : I am sorry, but I won't accept this.

Rook : Naturally. This is why a human being reveals his soul by his judgments.

Pawn : That is cruelty - not judgement. You act with affection, but speak with infection.

Rook : We are often obliged to judge, but we really smudge. We never see a person's good points but hang him in our minds for the slightest petty fault.

Pawn : What should we do then?

Rook : Nothing has yet taken the place of judgement, or

cruelty, as you call it. Our fighting slogan: Never to praise, never to criticize, only to understand still has its effect. The structure of chessmen's progress has been constructed brick upon brick. In fact, it is based on Trial and Error. There is no other way, and there is no saviour. No one will come to rescue. We are all there is.

Pawn : In the philosophy of art...

Rook (interrupts **Pawn**): First, you must eat. If one speaks with an empty stomach, especially if one plays philosophy, it is a great sin and one will get an ulcer as a punishment. If you do not drink, that is even worse. All these remarks are puffs of wind compared to eating, drinking, and ... you know what.

Pawn : What matters then?

Rook : If not the Red Rose and the Green Apple, I know of nothing else. Perhaps again, the spectacular action of eating, drinking, making love, and emptying. It is the matter of charge and discharge.

Pawn : Why then are we taking this path?

Rook : All we do is a game, all we say is a game, all our being is a game, a dirty bloody game. When we are in a laboratory, we play the scientist. When in business, we play the money making game. Everything is a game. We play

because we have been played. We trick, for we have been tricked. We have been cheated, and now we have to play!

Pawn : What would be the result of all these games?

Rook : We will all be losers in the end.

Pawn : Losers? The game is not over yet. Is this not punishment before committing the crime?

Rook : No dear. We are all mobile examples of historical defeats. We are all failures. The worse we are refused, the more we raise our voices. We shout and cry harder until at last we become poets, writers, painters, musicians, film-makers... And when our failure reaches an apex, we mostly hit ourselves and collect prizes.

Pawn : If the artists are doomed to fail, what would happen to the non-artist.

Rook : I see your point about artists, but you should not be surprised. The first reason for our defeat is that we are in this arena; we are all in the cage under the most severe surveillance. The other reason is the color of our skin. We are black and always under attack.

Pawn : Don't be pessimistic please; say something nice, or my heart will become dull and dark.

Rook : If anything can prevent the roof of heaven from collapsing upon our heads, it is our laboratory. To struggle

with death, our final defeat. Unfortunately however, the laboratory is busy in the service of forging arms; the death trade is justified by nonsensical excuses of economic problems. And this is what the business of science is all about.

Pawn : Wow! What a sea! I was eager to see the sea. This must be the end of our journey.
Rook : That is no sea. In fact, there is no such thing as a sea. Perhaps...
Pawn (interrupts **Rook**): Lack of a sea is most disappointing. What is it, then?
Rook : A mirage!
Pawn : What manner of word is mirage?
Rook (points to the papyrus boat): You will see it for yourself.

+ : Both fell silent. Water image filled the sky and the earth. Calm, tranquil, and cold blooded **Rook** boarded the boat, then helped the lady. The boat was made of bamboo which

was normally used for making pen. There was no rower. The white paper sail was hoisted and the boat began moving turbulently in the heart of the mirage.

Rook's remarks recalled the intricate images of the modern Phoenix, a mythical creature bending over ashes, seeking an intact remainder or untouched left overs. **Pawn** kept this picture for herself and entered into the grotesque misty environment of the historical smoggy mirage.

Pawn : Where does all this cynicism and pessimism spring from? Is not disbelief of God disastrous?

Rook : When infants are molested, their eyes and kidneys are removed for profit, orphans' bodies are abused for sexual purposes in the porno industry, and they are exploited in drug traffic, your question strikes me as not only irresponsible, but also unjust. All this have sprung from disbelief, yes, but disbelief in humanity.

Pawn : But where is the root? Is it not in disbelief of God?

Rook : No, this misery stems from an earthly mundane source rather than a heavenly spiritual one. Thousands of years of historical defeat have relegated chessmen to the category of the non-believers. We no longer have confidence in ourselves.

Pawn : But this is the mystery of the survival of old nations.

Rook : Survival of a stem bending in the wind in order to grow enough to prepare for the sharp blade of harvest, or the brave breaking of the lofty, glorious tall tree in the storm?

Pawn : If we achieve our intended mysticism...

Rook : Gone is the time of submission and acceptance. We must fight.

Pawn : War is the most idiotic affair.

Rook : Not in the chess cage. After all, your holy mystics do use soap and antibiotics abundantly. They also frequently get caught in financial and sexual scandals. It seems that they like earthly savings accounts very much more than heavenly promise.

Pawn : I am a being of horse, tree, apple, mountain, and pigeon. I have always harbored a firm belief in God in the depths of my heart.

Rook : All right. I admit it. I confess it. I am a chessman of escalators, elevators, skyscrapers, airplanes, computers, and spaceships. Heaven and earth make me sick. I am sick of ash and dust. I am sick of poverty. I am even sick of myself who belongs to yesterday. I only want tomorrow.

Pawn : Why not acknowledge that your conception of

modernism has dragged us into this mirage?

Rook : Don't criticize my tendency to attain the beautiful new future. The unity mirage is a part of the way which must be crossed over. Now look up and draw a fresh breath of air.

Pawn : The air is as heavy as lead. I feel too heavy. There is something inside me.

Rook : Here you are! This is the end of the mirage.

Love

The careless insiders' secrets are discovered and reported openly by the guards and betrayed secretly by the invisibles. There are numerous reasons for the love and hate relationship between the guards and the invisibles. The invisibles risk more, are at higher rank, and get a better salary. The invisibles are permitted to enter and leave the cage whenever they wish.

Although everyone knows who the guards are, even the guards do not know who the invisibles are, unless they see each other by accident, somewhere outside, such as in the office of their superior. And when this happens, a strange atmosphere fills the air. The guards hate the invisibles, and the invisibles look down on the guards. They are bitter rivals and in order to cool down, they hurt inmates.

A guard cannot be promoted high enough to become an invisible, yet the guards have a high opinion of themselves. To their warped minds, the only reason they were not promoted enough is that they were betrayed.

Both the guards and the invisibles have devised unscrupulous means of attaining wealth. They have created incomes for themselves through bribery, theft and looting. Their salaries are not enough, so they rob the cage dwellers, who

have to pay in any event.

The guards and invisibles see their own chances of survival increasing in direct proportion to the amount of mud they throw at inmates. Fear is inevitable in these societies and this gives birth to hatred.

When guards and invisibles fight each other, their superiors must intervene, for superiors need the guards and invisibles both equally. They chide and separate them as best as they can. This leads to a more profound frustration, and because they can no longer take it out on each other for fear of reprehends, they vent their anger and frustration on the intellectual insiders whom they both hate and can advise without being punished.

As long as hate and fear exist, things are fine in the cage. The leaders utilize this hate to make the opposing forces wary of each other. They manipulate this hatred so that the guards and the invisibles view the responsibility of punishing the insiders as a personal holy crusade.

The insiders stand equidistant from both parties. The insiders further gain the hate of the guards by either completely ignoring them at best, or by ridiculing them on their back, by exposing their inherent stupidity, born of inbreeding. The insiders also maintain distance from the invisibles because of

their unbearable smell. The invisibles hate the insiders, for it is the insiders who have defrocked them of their credibility and identity. They consider it a personal crusade to make insiders' life as miserable as possible.

The cunning insects are well aware that if hate and fear are not bred, they will starve and relinquish their place to other leaders. They need fear and hatred, for these are the only tools which enable them to dictate.

The promotion system is efficient. The most inherently brain deprived, incapable of reasoning for themselves who obey blindly are promoted. Less brain they have, higher they go.

The hierarchy of the cage dwellers is based on trust gained through proven intelligence. The power of thought, is all they respect.

Within the cage, all ideas are based on logic. The more powerful and intelligent the thinker is, the more trusted and influential will be. He is more privy to secrets, and has access to more important secrets which makes him closer to the Ultimate Secret.

The farther away from the cause of the ripple, the wider

the circle of confidants, and closer to the cause, the fewer the confidants. The secret is concealed and hidden in their hearts. The secret is reproduction of love. The secret is **White Queen**.

In order to divert the guards' attention from the Ultimate Secret, the cage dwellers pretend that they are obeying the latest directives and codes of conduct.

Performing the most useless activities such as endeavoring to turn water into gold by beating it in a pestle, is one of the directors' favorite edicts and is supported and encouraged by the guards. All useful activities are strictly forbidden.

Engaging in any form of art is strictly forbidden. Partaking of the Apple is a prohibition that everyone does, for not doing it goes against nature, but no one even dares to talk about it.

Reflective games, such as chess, are strictly prohibited, but no one obeys, for the dwellers have developed a way to play without getting caught. They play abstract, or mental chess. For the more perceptive influential inmates, chess is not a preoccupation, but rather a consolation, they play it mentally.

The guards take great pleasure in advising or guidance law breakers. The word torture have been replaced in their

dictionary. They use advise and guidance instead.

The most important organization of the insects' government is the Ministry of Holy Guidance. Their duty is carved on the wall:

ENCOURAGE TO WORSHIP HOLY LOVE
ADVISE TO PRACTICE HOLY LOVING
GUIDANCE TO OBEY HOLY LOVE

When an insider intellectual gets caught, he will go under the holly guidance! At such times, the intellectuals will go under true love without being able to defend themselves.

They cannot prevail. They can not be expected to stick their necks out when it is the obvious desire of the insects to chop them off. Showing any resistance only gives the insects more eagerness. That has happened repeatedly. As a result, the cage dwellers remain docile. They display no vexation. On the contrary.

The intellectuals have learned that condemning the arrested, oppressed colleague rather than the oppressors, is the most advantageous course of action open to them. It is the best possible option because it not only denies the insects the excuse and motivation to advise more, but it also acts as a strong

warning to the other intellectuals to be even more alert.

In order to survive the entire intellectual body, a part must sometimes be cut off. Inmates do not feel guilty forgetting their caught colleague. Guilt is a form of self punishment, and they have enough of punishment without needing to add to it.

It sometimes seems that mere advice and guidance were not strong enough deterrents for the intellectuals. Insects have devised another method for such cases. This method was the most feared among the intellectuals because it took away all their moral assets. They loose dignity and identity afterward.

This method, which, incidentally, worked for a while, was to make the intellectual to appear as a puppet on a televised show. In a calm, serene, heavenly background, the intellectual confess to the most unimaginable crimes.

These advices included biological and ideological persuasions plus physical and psychological guidances. Disgrace, it might be, the intellectual would agree to become the puppet in an interview in which he would calmly confess to all crimes and then beg for the mercy of his peers for having misguided them for so long. He will also confess that he was lost but had now been found in the light of heavenly love. He had been enlightened by the love of his saviour advisors and thanked them for receiving proper guidance to bring him back

to the fold.

With this done, if the puppet was lucky enough not to meet with any freak accident, such as stabbing himself seventeen times in the heart, from the back, while trying to peel a banana with a twelve inch carving dagger, he would be returned to life, only to realize that he might as well be better off dead!

After the farcical charade was televised, the intellectual looses his dignity, esteem, respect, credibility, and identity he once had. A secret funeral ceremony would be held in his memory within the cage, and the square he once occupied would be forgotten forever. He was expected to empty the square voluntarily.

A very few such intellectuals would try to tell their old friends that they were not dead, but this was in vain, for even their oldest friends would ignore them. They looked through them as if they were not there. The broken intellectual would then become the ghost of what he used to be. Lives in the cage are priceless, and no risk of information leak from a fallen intellectual could be tolerated, for their lives were already in constant jeopardy.

For years, this was the most feared punishment, and it seemed that the insects had finally found a way to silence the

cage inhabitants. For years, it was the general nightmare of the cage, but then the inside scientist revealed the psychological secrets of this punishment. This done, the intellectuals decided to implement a defense strategy, which was easily accomplished. They concluded that the reason the insects televised these pathetic scenes of apology was to make an example of the guided individual for all to see. Therefore, the defense would be to not witness these confessions. All televisions were therefore turned off.

Once this decision became known to the insects, they abandoned this means of punishment and returned to the more traditional ways of suppression. After any Heroic Flunk, all the inside apple eating chess pieces were blamed and devoured.

6th Wonder Rank

+ : They were on soft soil. Clouds converged on the center from both sides and obscured the heavens. The right wing of the sky was an oozy, slimy, dirty green, and the left wing was a coagulated, dirty blood red. The smoky masses of clouds hastened to meet in the center as though they longed to accomplish their commitment of union.

The news, both from the left and the right wings, was deplorably bad. After the sacrifice of **Knight**, the left wing was in a turmoil. For the first time, **Rook** looked perplexed and uneasy. His behavior, however, was normal. Upon hearing the news of the two wings, he assigned everyone to new posts and issued the order to advance toward the middle battlefield.

Rook : Why are you silent? Say something.

+ : **Pawn** stared at **Rook** in bewilderment. He had constantly endeavored to avoid speaking with the help of numerous languages, but this time the situation was the

exact reverse.

Pawn : What shall I say?

Rook : Whatever you desire.

Pawn : Let me tell you the truth.

Rook : Try, but don't be so sure of success.

Pawn : Why?

Rook : How can we tell the truth when we have not yet arrived at it? Truth needs knowledge, and we don't have it.

Pawn : I am telling the truth because I am not lying.

Rook : This illusion is taking hold of you. Veracity and truth are two different things and often conflict.

Pawn : I speak with sincerity.

Rook : Sincerity means wisdom springing from knowledge. In fact, only the words knowledge and ignorance hold meanings. The rest of the words are derived from them.

Pawn : You are not allowing me to have my say.

Rook : You are absolutely right, for I think I know well what you are going to say.

Pawn : I wanted to talk about love. I feel heavy. There must be something inside me. We should love each other.

Rook : First, What we are drinking is coffee and not alcohol. Second, even though darkness has descended, it's due to a dangerous eclipse; I tell you solemnly that it is now day and

not night.

Pawn : Love is the only poultice for our sufferings. Affection is compassion. It does not matter if the saviour is absent.

Rook : There is no saviour.

Pawn : He will show up one day, but until then, when an artist sees the door shut, flies light winged over the wall, or passes through the wall with sophisticated subtle dexterity.

Rook : All right. I say that is a difference of opinion. Opinions are different, just as the fingerprints and the blood chemistry of six billion people.

Pawn : I see that...

Rook (frightfully exasperated, but in an affectedly low, calm voice): Woman! You are not to say whatever you see. You are in the last move, and the reward of revealing the secret is not the glorification of the gallows, but an oily wood worthy of burning.

Pawn : You have constantly emphasized the importance of information. I even heard you once say that it fortifies man up until the invulnerable stage.

Rook : This is the age of information, the nature of which has always been obscure to us. That is why we are not contemporary. We have been kept as backward laymen. I wish to impart nothing on the importance of information.

What is of great significance is how to handle it. Restrain your curiosity, for it is too sensitive an issue.

Pawn : How could we fulfil our duty then?

Rook : Plant and care for Rose; it is the only solution to the problem.

Pawn : But before seeing the actual flower, the heart rots away.

Rook : One should eat the Apple. The Green Apple can balance energy.

Pawn : To be fair, it is enormously delicious.

– : Smell, smell, smell.

+ : Be alert! The tale bearers are around. Everywhere smells.

Pawn : Why don't you let me talk about love?

Rook : Put aside love and affection. What is your opinion about animosity and hatred?

Pawn : Such cases are rare to me. To be honest with you,

they have not happened to me yet. Every time I hear the word animosity, I feel like crying. One must be able to cry like children, to sit on the earth and play like children, and to smile like children. The rest you know. We all play like children.

Rook : Sitting down and playing, yes, we may very well do so, but why crying?

Pawn : Only tears which well up in my eyes when I watch a humanitarian appearance, let us say in a music, in a movie, or in a novel, can purge my heart and soul. In the depths of my present abyss, I need no animosity. In the course of history, we have witnessed that nothing good can come out of animosity. We must hold firmly to compassion and love.

Rook : Art culminates when it tells the most tragic story, the liaison of the chessmen race, without reducing the reader to tears. Art should no longer act like a passion play. Instead of sorrow, contemporary art must stimulate thoughts.

Pawn : What you are talking about is not art, but science.

Rook : I have no objections if you must differentiate, but if such is the case, I must assert that the best stories may be found in the unpublished annual statistics books. In the wake of an earthquake or a revolution, α people were killed, β people were lost, δ people were wounded, and blah, blah,

blah. Yes, a book of statistics is the best novel.

Pawn : All history and its related statistics are full of abominable crimes.

Rook : But no historical crime is more destructive than the crimes forced upon the history of science in the cage.

Pawn : Nothing is possible without love.

Rook : Do you really think your love theory always works?

Pawn : Even in destruction.

Rook : Do you realize what a serious assertion you are making?

Pawn : All dictators and most petty dictators, including all masters, are seized with the delusion of self-actualization. No matter what they possess, they have no love, and this is the greatest poverty in the world. Such people do nothing, although they believe they do many important things. They just orbit around themselves. That's all they are, the most miserable creatures in the world. In the whole human realm there is no invulnerable man. If anything is possible in this world, and I say it is, it will only be possible through love.

Rook : Woman! Had you punched me in the nose, it would have caused me less pain. For at this point, I should reveal a mystery to you, but you do not seem to be ready for it.

Pawn : Try me.

Rook : We are busy with humanity's greatest invention.

Pawn : This invention, whatever it may be, is not a matter of great significance, even if it is as important as the invention of the wheel.

Rook : Man's most important invention is not the wheel, or the discovery of fire control, it is his first invention.

Pawn : And what is it?

Rook : Man's chief invention is the invention of invention.

Pawn : The invention of the invention of what?

Rook : Unknown parameters. Your beloved God. Man's first invention is lying.

Pawn : What is man's greatest invention then?

Rook : Man's greatest invention is his last invention.

Pawn : There is no such thing. There can be no last invention.

Rook : Unless?

Pawn (greatly alarmed at her discovery, her hair standing on end): Unless the end of man has come?!

Rook : We all count on your help infinitely.

Pawn : But...

Rook : Considering your love game, I must tell you that all the universal forces are concentrated upon you for you are still in the arena. Those forces will be satisfied with nothing

less than killing you and destroying all of us. Look around you to see their already well equipped dedicated army. What we ought to do should not be called violence. In a world where not needing is inactive, our function cannot be passive.

+ : While talking, **Rook** obstructed **Pawn**'s way sharply. **Pawn** who was stopped abruptly rather than encouraged to move as always, was overwhelmed with surprise.

Pawn (astounded) : Why did you stop me?
Rook : Can't you see?
Pawn : What must I see?
Rook : What lies before you.
Pawn : I see nothing. What is wrong?
Rook : This is a bog.
Pawn : A bog?
Rook : Yes, a bog, which is related to a marsh and swamp. This is why it cannot be crossed.
Pawn : Do you suggest we stay?
Rook : No, we must cross it.

Pawn : How?

Rook : I have no idea. Never before have I crossed this bog myself. Once I was carried across it.

Pawn : Whom by?

Rook : By our beloved Phoenix - Simurgh. The **King**.

Pawn : Does he really exist? Have you actually seen him?

Rook : Most certainly.

+ : Her face changed and displayed a glow of spirituality.

Pawn (calm) : The Saviour.

Rook : What, what, what?!

Pawn (looking at sky) : O' Lord. Forgive me for my doubt. Even I was beginning to think that you are only a mythical legend.

Rook : We must go around the bog, I suppose.

Pawn : In which case our course will alter.

Rook : Precisely. Pragmatic determinism. Just allow me to see which path is more suitable.

+ : Upon saying this, **Rook** left **Pawn** alone as he went to search for a solution.

+ : Ages later, when **Rook** returned, **Pawn**had become inured to the dirty reddish green bog of unceasing stupidity.

Pawn : How disgusting! This bog is strewn with dead bodies.
Rook : And worse than that, neither way is passable. We will get stuck if we try to wade across the bog. Also, we have no means of crossing it. We are in no position to build a bridge, for it is ultimately dangerous. Furthermore, we need the collaboration and cooperation of many devoted fellows, and this we do not have. After all, we are few. Those who are still with us, have cowered in their dens of cowardice. We cannot make a burrow because we lack the means to do so.
Pawn (perturbed) : It seems impossible to cross. (looking at sky): O' Lord, what shall we do?

+ : Silent **Rook** sat motionless. There was a death - like silence. The Aura of silence shattered itself. A trance - like meditative concentration surrounded him. Gradually, his pallid features began to flush. With utmost trepidation. **Pawn**, who for the first time, was witnessing **Rook**'s

irregularities, did not dare to break the silence and sat observing him.

Time ticked away, stretching itself to infinity. Each pulse was a century. A flickering light fell upon **Rook**'s face. His cheeks trembled, and an uncontrollable fit seized his entire frame. His trembling intensified moment by moment. A round hollow light surrounded his head.

The incredible unbelievable sound of the universe increased instant by instant. Suddenly, his lips quivered. He said something silently which echoed tumultuously across the whole world.

Pawn : What did you say?
Rook : Fly.
Pawn : Flying without wings?
Rook : Flying with a Simurgh feather.

+ : **Pawn** laboured for breath. With growing nervousness, **Rook** thrust his hand into the small nestled chest, producing a Red Petal.

+ : Crossed. Beyond the water, the sun's last ray from between the thickening clouds exposed two bewildered faces. The man opened his eyes, his glance settling upon the woman.

Rook : Up we rise to accomplish our deed before these ominous clouds unite, or else we shall have to encounter the seventh impossible wonder.

+ : There has been nothing else in the cage memory. The drumbeat of victory was heard from afar.

Night

Sun is totally covered with the cloud. Morning has crept in! The weather is constantly warm in the equatorial zoo. Even the occasional neutral rain is lukewarm, but it refreshes the air. The heavens are oblivious to the matters at hand.

The guards are busy working. They are sweeping, washing, and cleaning outside the cage. Everywhere needs serious cleaning, but what they do is add to the dirt.

It is the day of great significance. All have been told that everything must go well. It is the official day of parades and general inspections. After the parades, the displays of solidarity between the insects and the oaths of loyalty to His Majesty, it is customary for the higher ranking reptiles and insects to visit and inspect the zoo.

This time, just as in past times, it has been announced that The Royal Highness himself will preside. Everything is discordantly orchestrated and governed by his office. No one has seen him in person to date. Although they have not seen him, they feel him. He is presented everywhere. It is fashionable to talk about him only with the utmost respect. They normally express their love for him, but there is a common feeling everywhere; all fear him.

Within the cage, all have been aroused early. They are told to make everything shine, a laborious chore which all comply reluctantly. Groaners and moaners are advised promptly. There are occasional clashes between the guards and some of the less experienced insiders. They are guided thoroughly. This shows that intellectuals have not yet learned properly and will never learn their lessons.

The insiders are forbidden to get involved in any activities which have not been pre-prescribed. They must appear to be busy with the cage useful prescriptions. Gold making pestle is working in water mortar everywhere. These actions are warmly received by the insects, and some of their children, who have been brought along, waving hands and occasionally throw morsels of food at them.

Cigarettes are scarce and greatly desired but are rarely thrown inside. Asking is forbidden at the risk of advice. However, it seems that smoking sweetens the laborious preoccupation of reflection, and the intellectuals are ready to do it even at that risk. Smoke fills the air and dumbfounds the guards, for all hands appear to be empty.

The days of official visits are the most chaotically exhausting, and the long awaited night finds the insiders totally beaten.

– : Did you see the girths on those vile insects?

+ : (With a shudder of disgust) I hope they all drop dead.

– : (Feigned surprise) Weren't you the one who always preached love thy neighbor?

+ : Stop being so pedantic, and for goodness sakes, stop talking about prehistoric, out of fashion concepts.

– : All right, all right. Temper! Temper! I didn't see THE RAPIST, did you?

+ : No. Nor did anyone else, as usual. I presume His Holiness presided from afar.

– : Don't kid yourself. Anyway, enough interruptions. Tell me the story.

+ : I will, but not until you hide that silly little stick you call a weapon; put out your cigarette and be alert for the smell of the insects.

– : I'm careful.

+ : Put it out!

– : All right! Here, happy now? I did what you wanted, now you do what I want: Tell me the story, and I mean narrate it down to its last detail. Tell me everything.

+ : I can’t.

– : Why?

+ : This is an abstract symbolic story of an elegant, but impolite, chessman who observed no taboo, especially in speech. You see, my hands are tight, and I cannot tell you everything. Recounting in full detail would also be too troublesome for me. I will tell you all I can and you’ll have to help me to help you complete the story. Flow with it and try to fill in the blanks yourself.

7th Death Rank

+ : Of late, **Rook** was more often seen in the vicinity of the cage boundary bars. The reason for this unprecedented change was absolutely incomprehensible to others. Alone and pensive, he remained in a corner conversing with himself for hours. Meditative though he was, he took meticulous care so that his features would remain unaffected and serene.

His mode of behavior had grown more temperate and prudent than ever before. No longer did he talk with other dwellers. In fact, he talked only with the invisible **King** who had reached the cage bars from the exterior. The universal girdling bent space had brought **King** back to the cage after an infinite traverse on a straight line from the cage.

The communication which took place between these two old friends has been erased from all minds. No one could guess the nature of their conversations, hence, the initiative of curiosity never happened. Indeed, it was imperceptible to the others, and no one expected to see two people, one still in the arena and the other cast out of the arena, sit conversing with each other.

All implements of war were perfect. Everything had

been clandestinely manufactured. Soon after the holocaust broke out, it became clear that chessmen had made a most lethal weapon of chemicals and incendiary substances. It was a powerful, lethal insecticide which poisoned and caused rapid violent fire. Only living beings were destroyed by this weapon, but it lacked other devastating effects; houses, cars, and factories survived its effect intact.

On the other side, **King** could obtain a machine to transfer earth shock waves and tremors, thus causing artificial earthquakes. This machine could cause an earthquake in any intended spot with a highly destructive effect. No structure could resist it.

To start the operations, they had to wait for the flowering of a novice queen **Queen**, and **Rook** impatiently awaited the last move of **Pawn**. His heart was in great turmoil, but it was not possible to observe anything from outside. He seemed just like a plaster statue of a fortress. Perfect victory was one move off. General agreement was reached for the last moment of the operations. They all awaited the Queen.

The last move of **Pawn** and her transformation to **Queen** is still remembered. The awe-inspiring sight of the fig-tree was tempting.

– : Wait a minute!

+ : No delivery would be possible without one.

– : Buddha?!

+ : **Pawn** was very heavy. She was pregnant and about to give birth. Closing her eyes, she relaxed calmly, gently, deeply, beneath the tree. She was extremely thirsty and desperately needed a drink.

Rook : Here you are, a drop of syrup from the Endless Sea.

Pawn (surprized but calm) : You drink your own tear drops?

Rook : The ultimate water. The eternal sea.

+ : **Pawn** wept silently.

King : Come, join the tears
The narrow stream
Then the river
If you are to behold the sea.

+ : On her last move, **Pawn** disappeared almost immediately, and from her metamorphosis, **Queen** came

into being.

Queen (at the very moment she came into being, and as her first living activity, she said to **King**): The saviour! Oh my lord! Thank you for coming.

King : I have always been here. No one had the right eye to see. Washing the eye is the first forgotten step.

Queen : We shall weep no more.

+ : The sullen sky was dark and overcast. Time was thoroughly lost in a shroud of timelessness. Night and day mingled. All clocks had long been stopped. They showed different times. Impregnated masses of clouds stumbled across the heavens.

Hardly had **Queen** appeared than they buckled down to work without losing even a single moment. **Rook** and **Queen** and the rest from inside and **King** from outside.

The thunder roared boisterously. Heaven and earth burst open. The sound of the horrendous tempest bellowed resoundingly.

The lightning was invisible, driving fear and anxiety through dispelling darkness. The spear of the sky

engendered a great horror which rent hearts asunder. Rain came down in torrents. Both masses of clouds collapsed in the center. Universal Holocaust was at scene. The earth became inundated with electromagnetic chemical radioactive force disturbances and infernally cold white flakes.

Dust and stones rained incessantly and mercilessly from the cloud of pitch black steam. In the extirpating downpour of rain, an oceanic flood occurred. Wells and springs overflowed. Subterranean canals gushed out. Streams were swollen by an inundation of water. The bloody red artesian well jetted out, and underground water sank into the sleep of oblivion.

It was clear from the very first moment that chessmen had overpowered the insects. The world had turned upside down. The cage bars came out of soil and were dropped apart. The walls caved in. The insect casualties were beyond number. Because of the forceful, terminating thunder of destruction, the last fortress of the enemy tumbled down.

All charged THE RAPIST, attempting to kill him but he was inscrutably drowned in the tumult as though he had never sprung from wherever he was first came to being. The indefatigable endeavors of humanity earned mankind a

splendid triumph over the insects. The best of the human martyrs who fell in battle field included Socrates, Giordano Bruno, **Rook**, and **Bishop**. However, the slain martyrs were completely outnumbered by the casualties.

Moving tremendously, **Queen** was not under the **King**'s order. They fought the way no one had ever seen. Controlling the attack path, they continued up until the last moment.

+ : Their victory was glorious; they had found their freedom. The free men were grateful; they were given much and wished to express thanks for this victory. But instead of thanking themselves for the unity and cooperation, they thanked the heavens.

They raised their freedom creating hands to heaven, begging for blessing. They all did this following the **Queen** who ignored the **King** and did not listen to his NO.

The insulted hand condemned the free humans and damned them. Free men bowed down, touching the ground with their foreheads, praying. Mother earth shot bars through their brows, thicker than the previous ones. The

heavenward soaring bars entirely walled man in. **Queen** became a **Pawn** again, and the cage was built up in no time at all. The limiting bars grew out of their own worshipping heads.

All this happened in front of the non - believing panicked eyes of **King**. So overwhelming was the calamity that his astounded eyes were pressurized from their sockets. **King**'s eyes had not yet ceased to weep excoriating tears of blood at the hands of time. He suddenly emitted a deep hoarse yawp from the depths of his lacerated soul, a roar as vast as the existence itself which howled in his head.

He said NO NO NO in such a manner that it still can be heard, using the right instrument, the echo of which stayed and will stay in the world until doomsday.

From above the rooftop of calamity, he flew down to the abyss of annihilation toward the cage bars. His hair instantly turned hoary. With all his might, he banged his white head against the cage bars. A tinge of red oozed from his hoary hair and sullied slime with shame and horror. This very redness brought the **White Queen** to being.

– : Why have you stopped now?

+ : I have encountered the spook, and I don't feel like telling you about it.

– : What spook?

+ : as they have said in the cage, when you live on the fantastic level but have got to operate on the realistic level, that's when you're spooked.

– : What exactly do you mean?

+ : It is not wise to talk about it.

– : But you must.

+ : OK. I will tell you despite the risk it might cause.

– : Be quick.

+ : In the ancient time, in the Babylonian town of glory, there was a man, a middle aged black haired man, who opened the door at a knock to see a young Babylonian brigade guard in his dirty uniform; he claimed to be the husband of his virgin child who had been imprisoned for political reasons. Her virginity was the main obstacle that prevented the Hammurabi Religious Judge from ordering her to be put before the firing squad.

The young guard had raped her the previous night and had killed her that morning. The young criminal was offering a cookie and a souvenir coin to the father as the dowry and

the payment for his daughter's blood. He asked for the father's blessing, mercy, and pardon, which was necessary according to the Hammurabi Code of Religion.

The father started to shout NO NO NO and ran upstairs. He ran straight to the infinite height of the tower of Babel. He rocketed straight to the top with the speed of light. The tower was the highest known structure. The top was lost in clouds; no one could see the top. He reached the top instantly. Time had stopped.

Once on top, he was in Heaven itself, but he could not care about Heaven or Hell any more. He did not realize his surroundings. He could not recall anything. Above the clouds, he was calm, quiet, and a bit chilled. At the top, he burst NO with such a Great Explosion that the sound remained in the universe. The very sound which still exists. Then he threw himself down, not to earth, but to the dark.

Jumping into emptiness, he flew. Time has already stopped. It took him an infinite time to reach the ground. All his hair whitened immediately.

This cannot be disclosed in detail. This is a social political religious matter, and considering the history and geography and what has happened to brave writers of our time-space, this is the most dangerous part to be included in

any book. The slogan that **Rook** used to sing might partly reveal it:

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Drop in her Lap from some once lovely head.

This is why all his hair whitened immediately as he jumped into the final emptiness.

This was always remembered as the most criminal action ever perpetrated in the history of mankind. Time started again.

Under the insolent insult of the pale, wan moon, two human beings in the cage are whispering, heads held close. Although the punishment for breaking the icy silence of stillness and not observing the black rule of curfew is severe, both risk detection and remain vigilant.

Their conversation strikes one as unfamiliar and not understandable. It culminates where Minus, not negative,

ultimately recalls how the captives of past ages liberated the chessmen which they had ingeniously and painstakingly fashioned from bread dough. The chessmen were played out of the prison until they were ultimately assailed unawares by a swarm of nocuous insects or, perhaps, innocuous ones, and were devoured. Pawns, Bishops, Knights, and Rooks, riders and pedestrian, were devoured in the same manner. To the insects, neither the shape nor the names of the chessmen mattered, only their substance and their taste. Nothing could be distinguished from the remains of the chessmen.

– : No. This is not it. You played with us all. You should not have included us in the game.

+ : Chess is no game.

– : Why are you silent?

+ : I am sad. I feel sick at heart.

– : That was not the story you promised to tell us.

+ : Wipe your eyes. Don't you know that tears beget suspicion? Besides, don't worry; we have our **White Queen**, and finally we shall have the victory. You and I appearing out of her will indicate nothing but the final victory.

– : Your eyes are much wetter than mine. Why don't you answer what I asked you? According to your indications, we all expected another story.

+ : I don't give a damn about what you wanted to hear. People are chopped headed, and I have only recited my own nightmare.

THE END?